WEEK ENDING DEC. 21, 1929

5c

Liberty

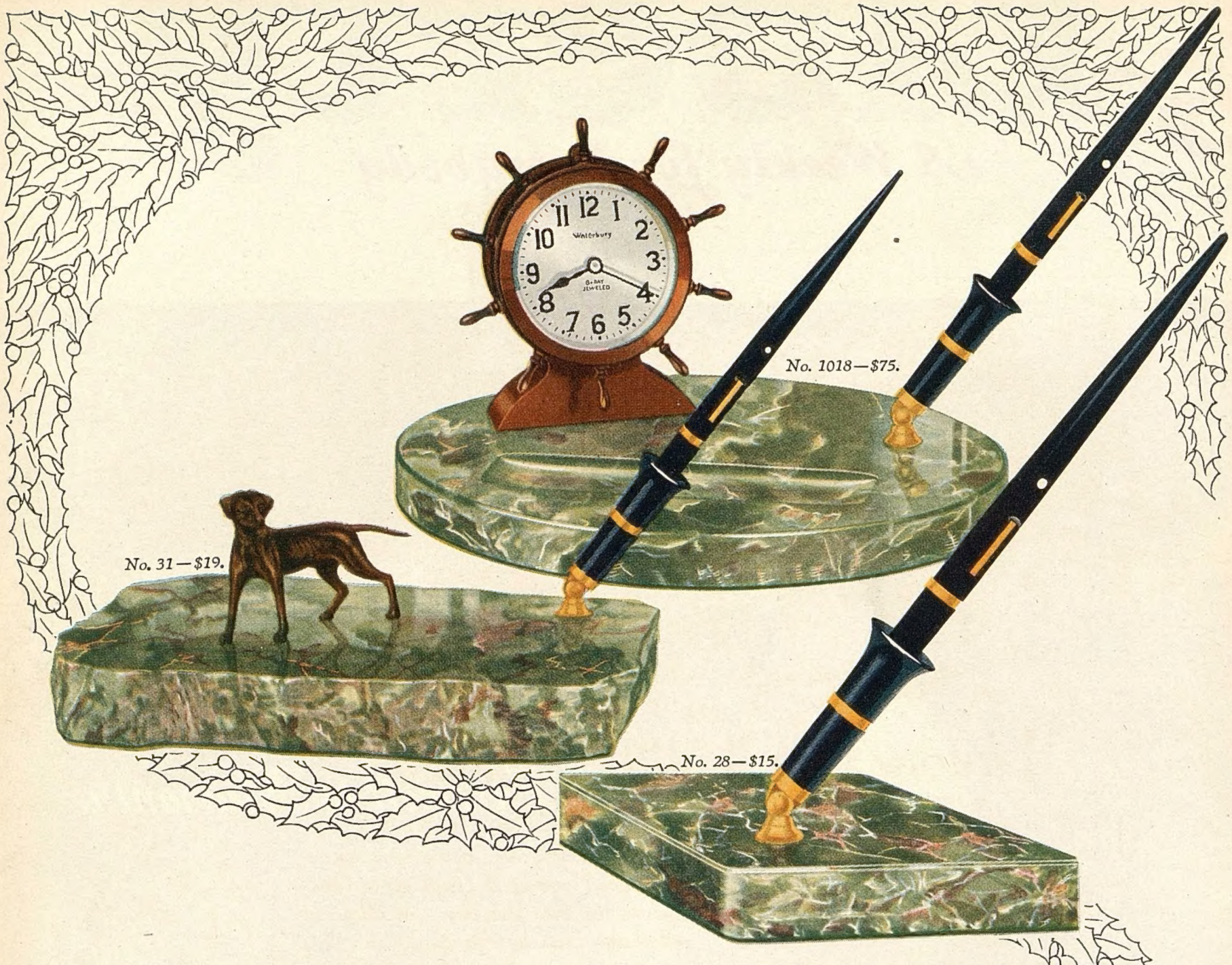
A Weekly for Everybody

OVER 2,250,000 NET PAID CIRCULATION

Farewell to Marianthe

Princess KROPOTKIN

WEIMAN ~ DOHERTY ~ CHAMBERS



What magnificent gifts!

These convey the real Christmas spirit, for they remain forever new and never cease to serve; Lifetime° desk fountain-pens are guaranteed to perform perfectly for the owner's lifetime. Their swing and 'feel' make writing a pleasure all that time, and in these settings they lend purpose and distinction to any desk in home or office. These sets are made for one-hand use—their receptacles spring to the convenient writing angle, and serve pens without grab or splutter. And they air-seal the pen tips, keeping them moist and ready. Examine these beautiful utilities at your Sheaffer dealer's. You'll recognize them as successful gifts!

At better stores everywhere

Lifetime° fountain-pen desk sets illustrated, each with genuine Brazilian onyx base: With 8-day Waterbury clock, $75. With bronze dog, $19. With diamond-shaped base, $15. With rugged-edged base, $11. With oval base, $21. Others higher and lower.

Identify the Lifetime° pen by this white dot.

SHEAFFER'S

PENS·PENCILS·DESK SETS·SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, FORT MADISON, IOWA, U.S.A.

New York · · · · Chicago · · · · San Francisco

W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. of Canada, Ltd., 169-173 Fleet Street—Toronto, Ont.

Wellington, N. Z. · Sydney, Australia · 199 Regent St.—London

°Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

© W. A. S. P. Co. 1929

"I *know* they'll all be pleased!"

JIMMY, with his bright new Pocket Ben watch . . . how proud and happy he will be! And I can just hear 'Sis' say . . . "A Baby Ben, in Old Rose, too, to match the color of my room!" And dear, punctual, practical Dad, how his eyes will sparkle when he opens his package and finds a *Big Ben*.

Westclox *are* welcome gifts . . . beautiful . . . *useful*. In the long, faithful service they render there is definite manifestation of the spirit of sincerity that prompted the giving and a *daily* reminder of the love and esteem of the donor.

There's an extensive variety of Westclox to choose from. *Alarms* in lustrous nickel or exquisite color . . . so refined in beauty of design and finish that they may also be employed as *timepieces* in any room in the home; good looking and dependable *Pocket Watches* for men and boys; an attractive and reliable *Auto clock* for the car; and Tiny Tim, a handy little timekeeper *without* alarm for the desk of a business associate . . . the classroom . . . the study . . . or for the handbag of one who travels.

Westclox come in substantial, individual containers; securely packed and convenient for mailing. Prices range from $1.50 to $5.00 . . . selections may be made to conform with your Christmas budget.

Give *Westclox* this year . . . beautiful, serviceable gifts that are *sure to please*.

Westclox in color . . . Old Rose, Green or Blue, are priced the same as nickel finish.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

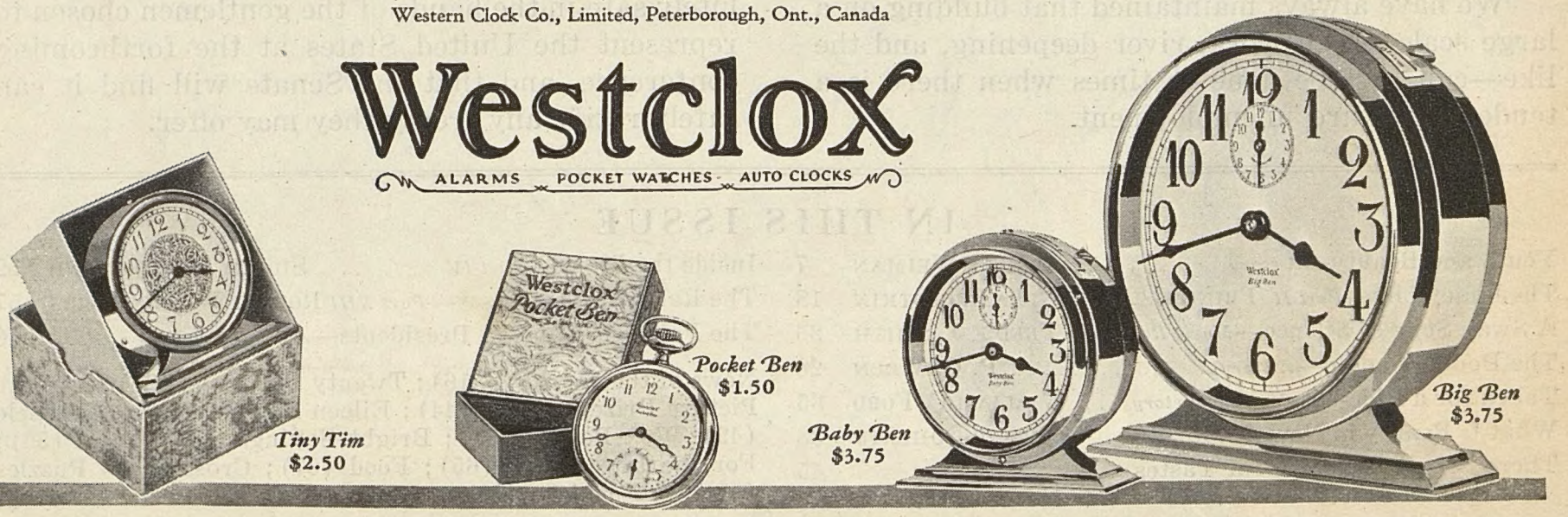
WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, La Salle, Illinois, U.S.A.

Factory: Peru, Illinois

Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont., Canada

Westclox

ALARMS POCKET WATCHES AUTO CLOCKS



Tiny Tim $2.50

Pocket Ben $1.50

Baby Ben $3.75

Big Ben $3.75

DEC. 21, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 50

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower. Boston: Rice Building.
Detroit: General Motors Building. San Francisco: Kohl Building.

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; James O'Shaughnessy, Business Manager; S. W. Stubbings, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞ **Address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City**

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

THE RESERVOIR OF LABOR

When the stock market crashed, it brought about some timidity concerning our immediate future, and, more than that, lost a good deal of money for some people who thought it was theirs to have and to hold—though it was earned not by the old-fashioned sweat of their brows but by what may be impolitely though truthfully called gambling.

Well, there is nothing unnatural about that. Gambling is as old as the human race—an instinct, or passion, or vice so deep-rooted that it goes as far back as we have any trace of history.

In fact, straight-out gambling such as poker or betting on the races isn't as serious as stock market gambling, because when you bet on the horses you know it's gambling, and therefore you don't risk so large a part of your whole.

However, be that as it may, the bubble having "busted" it looks as though the country might have been facing a cold winter had it not been for the plucky spirit of business men all over the United States, and the cry of "business as usual" which went up so quickly.

This was both prompted and strengthened by the action of Mr. Mellon in promising a reduction in the income tax, and that of the President in bringing about a series of conferences of leaders in industry, finance, and labor, urging employers not to reduce construction programs, and proposing federal and state work on a large scale.

We have always maintained that building on a large scale—road work, river deepening, and the like—can best be done in times when there is a tendency toward unemployment.

It is reassuring also to know that Mayor Walker of New York City called his municipal department heads into conference and pledged the undertaking of public works to the amount of a billion dollars. This will keep busy many thousands of New Yorkers who might otherwise be walking the streets.

If cities, counties, and corporations generally will follow the examples already set, no doubt there will be averted the most serious consequence that follows panic—that is, unemployment that falls not only on the unjust but also on the just, by which we mean that it overtakes working people as well as those who contribute to hard times by gambling in the stock market.

Of course care can and must be taken when embarking on such a policy that only such work be planned as will be for the permanent welfare of the country. The difference between roads, bridges, etc., built where they will be needed and those that will not be of value in the years to come is the difference between sound economics and a mere matter of doles.

P. S.

This page three weeks ago contained some comment on the personnel of the American delegation to the approaching naval conference in London. After that editorial was written, and in the same week that it appeared in print, President Hoover enlarged the delegation by appointing the following members:

Charles G. Dawes, Ambassador to Great Britain, who probably knows his European politics better than any other one American.

Dwight W. Morrow, who has made such a distinguished record as Ambassador to Mexico.

Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of the Navy, a descendant of two Presidents and a blue-water sailor by choice.

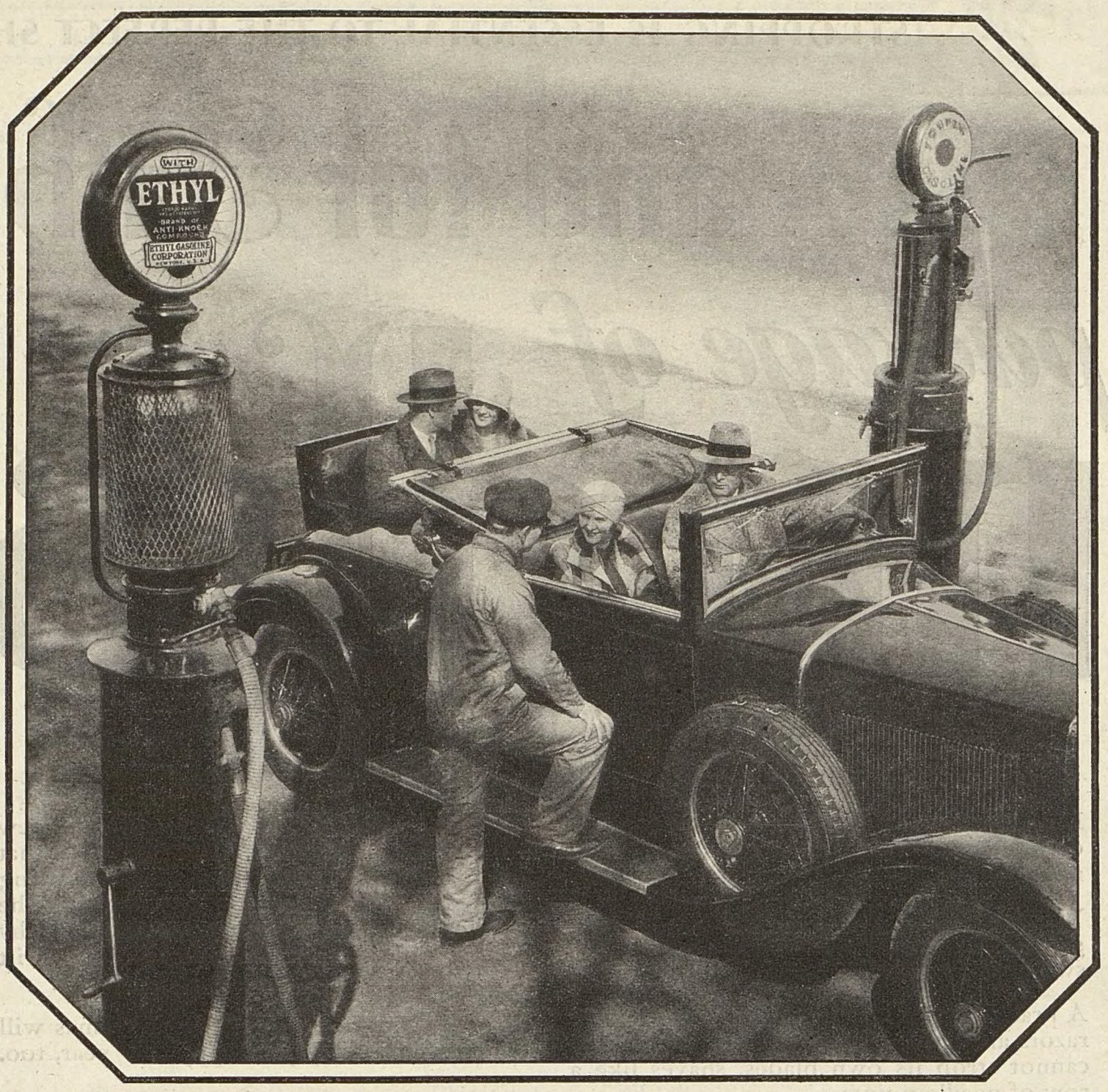
Hugh S. Gibson, Ambassador to Belgium, an expert in all phases of the naval disarmament problem.

By adding these names to those of Secretary of State Stimson and Senators Reed and Robinson, the President has contributed still further strength and wisdom to a delegation already strong and wise. We believe that the country will be absolutely safe in the hands of the gentlemen chosen to represent the United States at the forthcoming conference, and that the Senate will find it can safely ratify any treaty they may offer.

IN THIS ISSUE

Youth and Beauty—*A story* . . . . . RITA WEIMAN 7
The Jersey Lily—*Part II* . PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 18
A Swan Song of Silence—*Movie Reviews* . . FRED'K J. SMITH 26
The Double Saddle—*A story* . . . . . P. C. WREN 28
Taken for a Ride—*A short short story* . . . . WILLIAM C. FORD 35
What Is Beauty in News? . . . . . EDWARD DOHERTY 38
There's No Accounting for Tastes 45
A cross-section of preferences among Liberty's employees
Inside the Ropes—*Part IV* . . . . . SIDNEY SUTHERLAND 52
The Rake and the Hussy—*Part XIII* ROBERT W. CHAMBERS 57
The Patriotic Game of Presidents—*A $25,000 contest* 66

News of the World (p. 16); Twenty Questions (25); Mistake Picture Prize Awards (44); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (49); Vox Pop (50-51); Bright Sayings of Children (56); For the Love o' Lil (65); Food (67); Cross Word Puzzles (68-69); Fashions (70) Cover by Leslie Thrasher



"It's *cheaper* to use Ethyl"

LIKE any product of superior quality, Ethyl Gasoline is cheaper in the long run.

The slightly higher price of Ethyl (the difference amounts to a little more than a dollar per month for the average driver) is more than offset by the saving of wear and tear on your engine; fuel is saved because there is less running in second, owing to the added power of Ethyl. There is less overheating and vibration, consequently slower depreciation, and you will note a marked saving in repair bills at the end of the year.

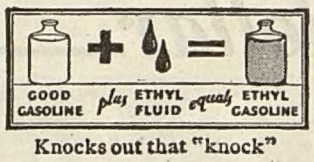
But economy is merely one of *several* reasons why people are buying Ethyl Gasoline. The extra power needed for hills and emergencies, the smoother operation of your car, the absence of the harmful "knock"—all contribute to making Ethyl Gasoline the most desirable fuel for any car in all seasons and under all driving conditions.

Ethyl is essential to the high-compression engine. But Ethyl eliminates the "knock" from *any* engine, thus developing power impossible to obtain with ordinary gasoline.

Start riding with Ethyl today. See how it brings down your operating costs. Look for the Ethyl emblem.

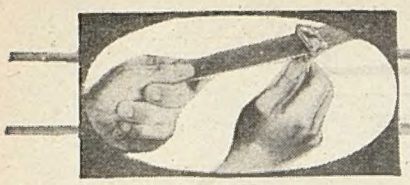
Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, 25 Broadway, New York City; 56 Church St., Toronto, Canada; 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London, England.

ETHYL GASOLINE



Knocks out that "knock"

©E.G.C., 1929



STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PERFECT SHAVE!

. . . and for Father a package of needles!

that's what it *will* be . . . if your gift is a razor that cannot strop its blades.

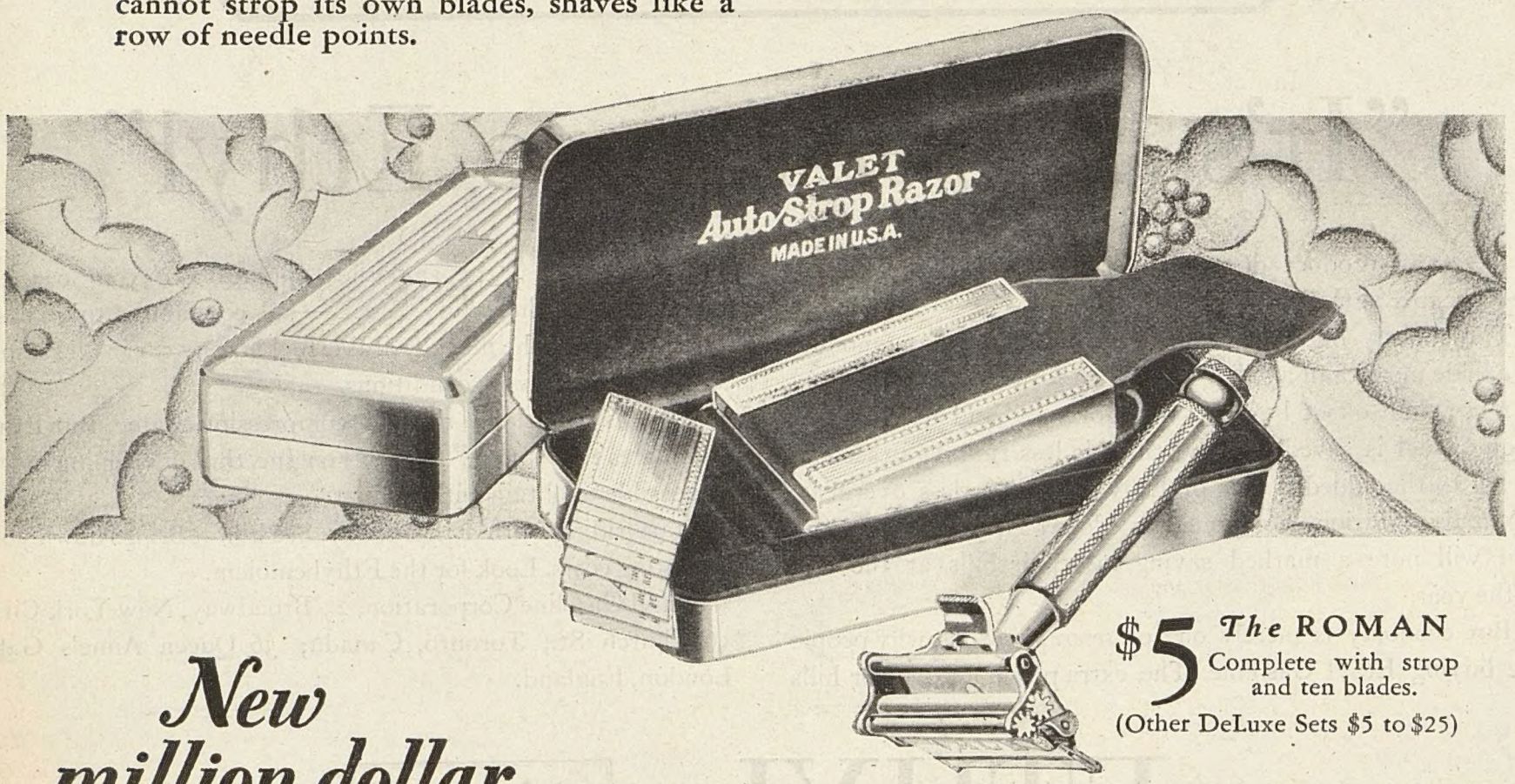
Like the man who winks at a girl in the dark, many a Christmas gift falls short of its mark.

Which accounts for the heaps of fur-lined garters and musical seltzer bottles that sweepers cart away on Christmas morning!

A practical man wants a practical gift. And razors are always in order! But a razor that cannot strop its own blades, shaves like a row of needle points.

So be a little diplomat and give him the new Valet AutoStrop Razor. It's the only one that strops, shaves and cleans without removing the blade! By automatically stropping the blade, it instantly smooths out the scratchy needle points . . . and makes each shave swift . . . slick . . . cool as a white Christmas.

P. S. . . . a Valet Razor for Christmas will enable him to enjoy a happy new year, too.



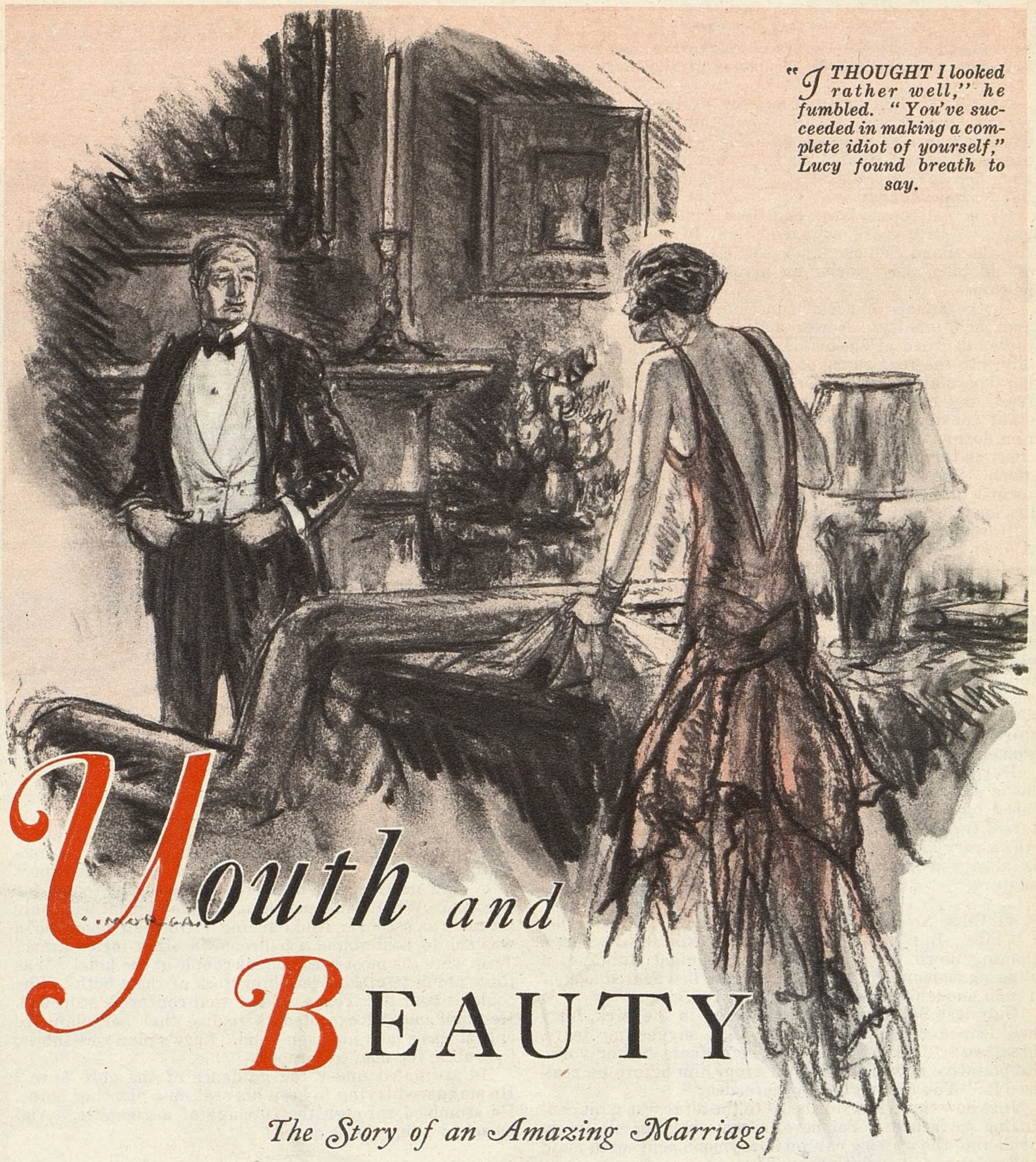
New million dollar

$5 *The* ROMAN
Complete with strop and ten blades.
(Other DeLuxe Sets $5 to $25)

VALET AutoStrop RAZOR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc., 656 First Ave., New York ~ *AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 83 Duke St., Toronto, Canada* ~ *Also,* London ~ Paris ~ Rio de Janeiro



"I THOUGHT I looked rather well," he fumbled. "You've succeeded in making a complete idiot of yourself," Lucy found breath to say.

Youth and BEAUTY

The Story of an Amazing Marriage

By

RITA WEIMAN

who began writing stories and plays when she was attending a Quaker school in Philadelphia, and has been writing them ever since. She would be Mrs. Maurice Marks if she believed (which she doesn't) in the habit of taking husbands' names.

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

LAUGHTER swung from the pole of gossip like a prickly sunfish caught on a small boy's line.

Naughty laughter. Shrewd laughter. Laughter slanting from the corner of an eye, the twist of a mouth. Laughter echoing across boudoirs and clubrooms. Laughter full of innuendo. Laughter that held the note of prophecy.

The line on which it dangled was an imposing headline in the morning newspapers:

CLIVE ANDREWS MARRIES

They worded it variously, according to varied degrees of dignity. But the import of all was the same. Clive Andrews, millionaire banker, widower for many years, known as Silent Andrews because he shunned publicity as the plague, the soul of conservatism with the habits of a recluse, had startled society and Wall Street by marrying Lucy Gilchrist, his daughter's best friend. Clive Andrews, bibliophile, whose hours of recreation were spent in his library among ancient tomes of history and philosophy, had promised to love, honor, and cherish Lucy Gilchrist, darling of the ballroom for more years than she cared

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[YOUTH AND BEAUTY
Continued from page seven]

to acknowledge, whose hours of relaxation, few and far between, were buried in the pages of the most recent French novel.

At the Municipal Building, for purposes of license record—though why remains a question since it is easier to get a marriage license than a dog license—he gave his age as fifty-six. He told the truth, but looked older. She gave her age as twenty-six. She did not tell the truth, but looked younger.

By actual count, Lucy had been "out" ten years. Active years, engaged chiefly in search for a husband rich enough to settle a collection of old bills and sponsor an arrangement for new ones.

In the annals of social functions ten years approach infinity. Newer and fresher débutantes usurped attention. Lucy, slipping rapidly into the rear ranks of has-beens, had cast her speculative gaze upon Clive Andrews, a frail, shy man notoriously harnessed to constant consideration of health. She had seen him dozing in his opera box, head sunk to his chest as though the effort of lifting it were too much. She had met him on rare occasions at formal dinners, watched him refuse the most luscious dishes in deference to diet.

Hovering on the brink of the hereafter, Clive Andrews offered ideal qualifications. The investment of a few years as his wife would earn dividends beyond her most ambitious dreams. As his delicately wistful widow, trailing millions, she would still be young enough to select a successor more to her taste. And with the playgrounds of Europe for a hunting ground, the possibilities were endless. Limitless wealth allied to conspicuous blonde beauty might even be able to purchase a title of importance. So Lucy had cultivated Blanche Andrews, thirty-two, his only child and one of those hovering women who suffocated her father with unceasing care.

During Lucy's early visits to the Andrews' New York home and Long Island estate, Clive was at first astonished by her sweetness to him, then puzzled, then flattered, then comforted. She made him discover that he was a very lonely man, that they were both lonely, which is always a swift step in the chase toward ultimate capture.

NO, Clive Andrews did not marry Lucy; Lucy married him. But this he could not be expected to guess. Coming down the steps of the Municipal Building, a clinging woman on his arm, he had the bewildered look of a man suddenly wakened from tight sleep.

Only last Saturday, while motoring in the park, Lucy had leaned close and, with a sigh suggesting tears, breathed: "I'm so—alone." The sadness in her voice, its plaintive note, had brought from him before he realized it: "You needn't be any more, dear."

Just how those few words led to the altar was a bit confusing to fathom. Yet here he was, helping his lovely bride into the waiting car, on honeymoon bent, with maid and valet to follow with their bags.

"Hot Springs is divine at this season," Lucy's velvet voice was telling him, "even though it's not the fashionable one. You'll find the golf perfect."

"I don't golf, my dear," he put gently, sinking into the cushions.

"Don't golf?" Lucy swung round with a gesture of such disappointed amazement that he felt immediately apologetic. "Of course, you'll learn."

"Learn—at my age?"

"You mustn't speak of age, Clive," she reproached. "Don't you want to be my companion—do the things I enjoy doing?"

The things she did! Good God! His eyes closed against the staggering bewilderment of one day's activities in Lucy's crowded life. As diplomatically as possible, she must be made to understand that he could never keep pace.

But from the moment of their arrival in Hot Springs, met by the fusillade of movie and newspaper photographers, Clive Andrews found himself conforming to a schedule as ironclad as that of some prisoner. Horseback rides. He had not ridden in years—absurd to expect it of him now! Vain protest. He must try—just for her sake. What would people say if she rode off with only a groom as escort? And dancing! On their honeymoon was she to float round a ballroom in other men's arms? They were the most conspicuous couple at the hotel. Was Clive going to make a laughingstock of them both? She couldn't bear it! Tears. Tears that confused, stupefied. He could not be expected to realize that her plaintive appeal was a lash in silken hand. Lucy's plan was subtle, too subtle for man to fathom.

He struggled under the guidance of the golf "pro." He staggered trying to keep his seat on a pivoting horse. He stumbled through the tutelage of a gigolette. And he ached—oh, how he ached!

"And then, in addition"—he paused—"some reporter might hav

LUCY sympathized with him, petted him tenderly as he tossed at night.

"Of course you ache, poor old darling," the velvet voice soothed. "Tomorrow morning get a massage and you'll be limber as rubber."

Yet systematic manipulation backed up by sulphur baths failed to offer more than temporary relief. Likewise, for the first time in his life, Clive Andrews discovered what he looked like. He had always been too busy, too indifferent, too absorbed in the impersonal to take stock of his appearance. But with the public eye concentrated on him in the rôle of romance, he confronted himself whenever he opened a newspaper.

It was not an encouraging revelation. The eyes, kind and gentle, were lost behind gold-rimmed glasses; the mouth had been concealed for years by beard and mustache. Shoulders stooped, chest narrow; in all, insignificant, with an air of apology for mere existence. And at his side, Lucy, slightly retouched, but poised like some

e effrontery to suggest that you married me for my money."

exquisitely chiseled Diana. He felt ashamed of the contrast. To increase his misery came a letter from his daughter, who for many years had reveled in self-sacrifice. Blanche had been on a motor trip in the Berkshires at the time of his visit to the Municipal Building. Attempts to reach her by telephone having failed, Clive had sent a long wire assuring her that her place in his heart and home would always be the same.

"With tears of misgiving," she wrote dramatically, "I sail for Europe by the first boat. I can't bear to stay here and see my beloved father, to whom I've devoted the best years of my life, made a fool of by the woman I called friend."

Clive Andrews went back to New York feeling more pulp than human. Here at last he hoped for peace. The tall, silent library, thick walls, rows of books dimming into the shadows of old friendship, the big deep leather chair whose cushion was worn to the form of his shoulders hunched over some heavy volume, green-shaded reading lamp like a comprehensive eye gleaming on to the page, small table drawn close, with its bottle of pills to be taken every two hours. Comfort. Relaxation. Let Lucy entertain to her heart's content in other rooms of the East Sixty-first Street house; here society's nervous gyrations would be shut out.

BUT no more for him the familiar solitude. Lucy exhibited an engagement pad fairly littered with names and dates.

He looked at them, struggled for breath like a man over whom deep waters were closing.

"My dear—I can't."

"But you don't want me locked up in this gloomy house?"

"No, my dear. I want you, above all things, to be happy. Only—let me out. I'm not equal to the strain."

"People will laugh at us."

"I can't do the impossible," he asserted, still struggling desperately, conscious that if he sank now there could be no rescue.

"You make me feel I've married an antediluvian," flared Lucy, then subsided softly. "I don't want to hurt you, Clive, but, after all, as your wife I have some rights. And I'm young enough to want to live."

Clive took off his glasses, wiped them helplessly, set them back on his nose. There must be something else to say, some final straw to grasp. He groped for it. Then closed his eyes and let go.

"All I can do," he said hopelessly, "is the best I can."

That night Clive Andrews made a discovery. They went to the theater and later, at a night club, he found himself in a world of whose actual existence he had been completely unaware. Through the haze of mingled cigar and cigarette smoke he gazed upon the younger generation hugged close in the maze of dance, frank acknowledgment of sex-consciousness in every rhythmic move. They shocked him into hearty disapproval, yet roused his curiosity. He could not recall when he had been curious about anything but the history of dead men.

Hip flasks, the absolute insolence of contempt for law, today's outrageous honesty spurred the realization that for the past twenty years he had understudied Rip Van Winkle. For the first time in a quarter of a century he understood that all the curves in the world were not concentrated in the dollar sign.

The stray remark of a bibulous youth passing him on the dance floor was an illuminating commentary:

"Mummies, the latest thing in husbands! Lady Lucy'll look swell in widow's weeds."

He looked anxiously at Lucy, held in his arms. A purring, contented smile was on her lips. Apparently she had not heard a syllable

FROM that night dust gathered on the bookshelves; but from Clive Andrews' soul it began to stir in gusty little drifts.

He joined a country club and religiously went to work with the golf "pro."

"Think you can handle me, son?" he put apologetically.

"Sure I can. But first, let me tell you what's wrong. You ain't ever learned how to stand—with or without a golf club. You get winded at the seventh hole. Why? You never learned how to breathe. Now, what you want to do is—"

"Better not try to teach an old dog new tricks."

"You're trying the tricks, ain't you? Won't do any harm to learn how to tackle 'em. I got a brother used to train prize fighters. Ask Gentleman Jim Corbett. Ask Benny the Kid about—"

Andrews laughed dryly.

"That's right—get me ready for the ring."

"No joke, Mr. Andrews! Just let him look you over."

"I've been pummeled all I need, thanks. If my doctor knew what I'm doing, he'd put me in a sanatorium."

"Doctors—pooh!" The man spat expressively into the warm spring turf. "What you need is proper exercise. You ought to see some of 'em he licks into shape. Why, he could put monkey glands out of business!"

With all the secrecy of keeping a tryst, Andrews permitted himself to be piloted to an establishment in the West Forties. Arrangements for training were made with a squat, iron-muscled man of about his own age who approached him with one shoulder back, the other forward, like an orang-utan ready for onslaught.

By the time summer arrived he was equal to nine holes of golf without so much as a whimper. Also, he found himself flirting with a duck or *poulet en casserole* as a small boy covets a lollipop. Why should inviting sauces be cut out? If a man worked up an appetite, why couldn't he eat what satisfied him? It was some time before he found courage to experiment. Meanwhile, luncheon at the country club became an event, and the "hoof and mouth" disease a subject more vital than the nation's financial destinies.

"I licked the pants off Stanhope," he announced to Lucy one Sunday, encountering her as he came in from the course. "He's old fogy in his methods."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[YOUTH AND BEAUTY
Continued from page nine]

They were standing on the porch. The setting sun glowed warmly against the tan of his cheeks. As from some miraculous touch, their hollows had disappeared. Lucy gave him a withering glance from head to foot.

"Have you been playing all this time?"

"Certainly. Great weather! Can't see why you spent the whole afternoon at bridge."

Lucy's transparent blue eyes concentrated, like those of a china cat, on the man whose golf cap tipped its peak saucily over one ear.

"You look a sight," was all she said.

He pulled off the cap—grinned apologetically.

"Sorry. Can't enjoy golf and be a Chesterfield at the same time."

Dressing after a shower, he appraised his appearance critically, with the same measure he had given the nuptial press pictures. Lucy was right. He did look a sight. These baggy plus fours were old vintage. His tailor was out of date. He must get the name of Stanhope's. That fellow's clothes were always the last word.

One thing, however, was certain. No clothes, however badly cut, could conceal the fact that his shoulders had straightened, his chest expanded. He patted the latter, took a long, appreciative breath. The hardening of flabby flesh, the tingling all through you, as of senses come to life! The course this afternoon, green and shining, had been beautiful.

BEAUTY! Beauty surrounding him on all sides! Beauty, to which he had been blind as the proverbial bat. Let dust gather on the bookshelves. He was beginning to investigate *life*.

He invaded the rooms of Stanhope's tailor; ordered a new wardrobe; was instructed that scarfs and handkerchiefs must match; that shirts must harmonize with each suit; that gray flannel trousers were being worn with blue jackets this summer. He even indulged in a subdued blazer.

But somehow the beard, the gold-rimmed spectacles looked incongruous while tan foulard handkerchief displayed itself from the pocket of a covert cloth coat, and bat-wing tie to match sat jauntily at his Adam's apple.

Must the hirsute adornment go? It had been part of him for so many years that he had not the slightest idea what form his chin might take. Well, that, too, must be investigated. For Lucy's sake he must be as presentable as sartorial and tonsorial art could make him.

Lucy had cast her speculative gaze upon Clive Andrews. She

He avoided his regular barber; drove up to the Ritz one Friday afternoon. The thing could be accomplished before he went to Long Island. He settled into the chair as in a pew to chant a requiem over the remains of some faithful servant.

Clip!

More than the removal of a beard—this. Removal of old associations, old ideas. That clip was the severing of links—a definite break with the past.

Clip . . . clip!

He began to count sheep jumping the fence, a habit

n him dozing in his opera box.

developed during interminably restless nights. Remarkable, how well he slept now! . . . Nothing like fresh air. . . .

Clip—clip—clip!

Remember how he used to sit bent over a book for hours at a time. . . . Reach out automatically for his medicine. . . . By George, he hadn't taken a pill in a month! Not deliberate omission, mind you . . . just forgot them.

Clip—clip—clip—clip!

Both hands gripped the chair, as though not barber but dentist were operating in the neighborhood of his mouth.

"Mustache off, too, sir?"

"No! Let me keep something, won't you?"

"Suppose I trim it a bit—and wax the tips. Being worn that way—very distinguished."

He forced himself to sit up, to face the mirror with an air of casual unconcern.

The man he saw was an utter stranger. Clive Andrews endured the unique experience of becoming acquainted with himself at fifty-six. Pleasant and unpleasant at once, like the icy douche of a Turkish bath and its after effects.

Yes, decidedly! Distinguished was the word. He rather liked the line of his jaw, forming an angle where the barber had left side chops of hair. Of course the shorn skin was tenderly pale as a babe's, while the upper face looked like an Indian's. But a few days of sunlight would remedy that. The brief waxed mustache gave a foreign, diplomatic air.

The barber handed him his spectacles. Absently he adjusted them. This would never do! Age sat across his nose. He took them off. Have to see his optician this afternoon.

"Manicure, sir?"

The gentle, urgent note suggested examination of his nails. He nodded.

THEY ushered him to a narrow table where a red-haired girl sat waiting. Remarkably pretty. His sight was fair enough.

"You like them short?" She took his fingers in her cool ones, tapped a file against the table edge.

"Any way you think best."

"We'll file them close and even this time. Then, next week, we can do better."

He smiled. Next week. She was what the younger generation would call "a fast worker." But silence ensued. She went about her job with swift, expert, impersonal touch. He liked the sensation.

"High polish?"

"None, please."

"Just a buffer, then. You won't notice it, but your nails will feel lots better."

He appraised the result. He hadn't been manicured in years. What a clean look! A dollar tip changed hands.

"Thank you."

"Thank you, Miss—Miss—"

"Lebouvier."

"French?"

"My parents were."

"I'll phone for an appointment next Friday."

His chauffeur tried to appear immobile as Andrews stepped into the car.

"Like me, Sam?"

The man wheeled round explosively.

"Like you, Mr. Andrews! Never saw such a change in a body in all my life."

"New gears, Sam! New gears."

An hour later he settled back in the car, twirling a pair of tortoise-shell rimmed pince-nez on a black ribbon.

Lucy would have the surprise of her life!

It was almost seven when he arrived at Clive House. The butler who had been in Andrews' service for years informed him, without change of expression, that madam was dressing. Clive experienced a pang of disappointment.

"Like me, Crawford? Like me?"

The butler's face relaxed.

"Now that you ask, sir, amazing! You look a young man."

"Well, not young, Crawford. But younger—a damn sight younger, if I may say so. And I feel"—he stretched both arms luxuriously—"like a boy. Get Mr. Stanhope on the wire—I'll take him on for a whack at eighteen holes tomorrow."

His valet displayed the same enthusiasm without reservation.

"Have my new things come?" Andrews inquired.

"This afternoon, sir. I've laid out your dinner suit." He ran a hand over the jacket spread on the bed, white

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[YOUTH AND BEAUTY
Continued from page eleven]

piqué double-breasted waistcoat beside it. "Beautiful fabric, sir."

"Not too gay—that waistcoat?"

"Not at all, sir. Absolutely correct."

Entering the library an hour later, Lucy Andrews saw a man near the fireplace, book in hand. Annoyance at Clive's nonappearance had furrowed two lines between the eyes that examined the man's back in its well cut coat, slightly hugging the waistline. They were having a dinner party and going to a small dance, but up to the moment, no guests had been announced. She went closer, puzzled, interrogative. The man turned, smiled, came forward.

"Well, what do you think of me?"

Lucy stepped backward. The same china-cat stare was held in absolute silence. She seemed to have lost her breath.

Clive went to the electric switch button, flared on all the lights.

"Well?"

Lucy whispered the words: "I think—you must be—insane."

That was her only comment. Clive Andrews experienced a bewildered sense of frustration.

"Why, I thought I looked rather well," he fumbled.

"You've succeeded in making a complete idiot of yourself," Lucy found breath to say.

"Oh, come, my dear! That's laying it on a bit thick." He gave an indignant tug at the white waistcoat. "I got myself outfitted to please you. Didn't you tell me you were disgusted with my appearance?"

"I didn't imagine you'd trick yourself out like a collar ad."

"That's rather a nice thought." His eyes glowed teasingly. "It didn't occur to me I could accomplish such a feat."

"Has it occurred to you what people will say? We'll be laughed at—"

"For heaven's sake, Lucy, what's the matter with you? I thought you'd be delighted at the change. You must admit it's an improvement over what you married."

LUCY said nothing. She stood with one glittering hand clutched to an old Spanish brocade runner on the refectory table. Her teeth bit into her lower lip until rouge spread across them.

"Of course, the thing must be something of a shock"—Clive tried to cover his disappointment with a laugh—"but I promise you ample occasion to get used to your new man. I've got a lot of time to make up for. And, believe me, I intend to get a helluva kick out of every minute."

Lucy's lips opened. She lifted a cobweb handkerchief, pressed it against them. It came away polka-dotted with blood.

"You—you—" The words died in her throat. She turned abruptly, left the room.

Clive set his pince-nez on his nose, gazed after her aghast, hurt beyond the power to formulate his actual feelings. What did she want? What *did* she want? He had never attempted to understand Lucy. He had merely wanted to please her. And now this chasm of recrimination, of bitterness. Why? Hanged if he knew!

Absently he fingered the Spanish runner where her hand had rested. The old brocade looked as if it had been clawed.

At dinner he studied her from his end of the intimate table. A strange petulance had seized her mouth, twisted it so that smiles were grimaces.

No, his wife didn't look beautiful tonight. Nor even young.

When they appeared at the dance, Clive Andrews attracted the spotlight of attention more effectively than the most popular débutante. Men questioned him, notebook in hand, for any helpful data. Women marveled at him. Girls teased him. One pulled his ear and called him Ponce de Leon. He had a grand and ego-satisfying party.

"Aren't you ever coming home?" suggested Lucy at three o'clock.

"By George, is it that late? Feels like the shank of the evening. Run along if you're tired—and send back the car for me."

By the time the winter season was in swing, Clive had fallen comfortably into the habit of late hours. His enjoyment of dance places, of dancing, of crowds, of the latest revues was unappeasable.

Never had he felt in such form. His appetite dared the sauces that tempted it. His body, responding to new stimulus, filled out. Exercise made him forget he ever had a liver.

Also he found it pleasing to discuss his reactions with the manicurist who, each Friday, fashioned his nails into just the proper form and high light. The girl had a sense of humor, a quaint philosophy that amused him. He liked the sheen of red curls, gleaming as her nail polish. Natural red, too. No dye on that mass. Lately he had become suspicious that Lucy's burnished blondeness was not entirely as nature had intended it.

THE little manicurist had a way of sustaining silence until he broke it. Even then she spoke without chatter, without coquetry.

Her voice—full, deep, with a curious throb—was pleasant to the ear. He cultivated the habit of listening for its inflections.

"You're a very restful young person," he told her one sizzling afternoon as he slipped into the chair opposite her.

Electric fans droned like bees. Ice packs were being applied to tired heads in the barber chairs. And still she sat unruffled, actually looking cool. "How many manicures have you given today?" he added.

"One every half hour."

"Jove! Aren't you tired?"

"Haven't time now. I will be when I get home, though."

Something in her sigh made him ask:

"Where is that?"

"Home?"

"Yes."

"Oh, a place you never heard of—known as the Bronx."

"Famous for its zoo, I believe," twinkled Andrews.

"And I'm one of the animals," she nodded.

"Tell you what I'd like to do," he suggested tentatively. "When you're through for the day, I'd like to run you back to the zoo in my van."

"Don't get me into bad habits," she laughed. "I'm used to the subway jam."

"Well, try an open car—just for a change."

"Wouldn't that get you home late?"

"We don't dine until eight-thirty. What time shall I call back?"

"In an hour."

As they drove uptown, and she leaned back, closing her eyes, he noticed how really tired she looked. The animation, necessarily part of her stock in trade, had been discarded with her starched uniform. There was satisfaction in the fact that this girl did not appraise him as a rich old bounder she must entertain. But a very certain sense told him that had she put him in such a category his hospitality would have been definitely refused.

The velvety speed of the car stirred a faint summer breeze. "Why don't you take off your hat?" he suggested, removing his own and knowing he wanted to see the color of that hair in the late afternoon light.

She pulled off the small white felt that hugged her forehead. The wind ran fingers through her hair.

"Heavenly," she murmured.

"It is," said Andrews.

On their fleet drive, he learned something of Marie Lebouvier's surroundings. Her parents were dead. She and two small brothers lived with an aunt.

"Aged twelve and fifteen," she explained. "A pair of hoodlums—but great fun."

"And you have the responsibility of two growing boys?"

" It would be a bigger responsibility if I didn't have them."

" How do you figure that? "

" Well, keeping them out of mischief keeps me out of it."

The car stopped before a red brick flat house and a swiftly collected group of curious neighbors.

Clive stepped out and stood at the curb to help her.

" Mr. Andrews," she said suddenly, " you're awfully kind. Do you know it? "

" Nonsense! Just because I go out of my way a bit? "

" No, not that. But I think you're about the only customer I have who would offer to drive me home—and then actually leave me there."

Even though she laughed, Andrews felt something almost lonely in the brief statement. Very sensitive face. He studied the dark eyes, mouth curving with smiles when she spoke, yet in repose sad. Haunting face. . . . Its high lights, shadows, its swift changes of expression suggested gayety veiling unhappiness.

They shook hands.

" Try me again, will you? " he urged.

All the way home the thought of that indefinable wistfulness troubled him. The female mind was a labyrinth round which, so far, he had been unable to grope. But why not now make the attempt?

They ushered him to a narrow table where a red-haired girl sat waiting.

" Funny thing about women," he prompted the following week as she bent over his hand—catch her unexpectedly, that was the trick! " You find out what they want; give it to them; and they don't want it."

" Are you sure the thing you think they want is what they're really after? " put Miss Lebouvier with a slyly confidential twinkle.

" You know what you want, don't you? "

" *Do* I? "

Instantly her expression changed. But she hurried on with her job.

" Well? "

" You wouldn't believe me, if I told you."

" Well? " he prompted again.

Silence a moment. Then she spoke without looking up:

" I want to find out that I can't sing."

" *Can't—?* "

That female thing again—of beating round the bush!

" SOUNDS crazy, doesn't it? But have you ever had a mosquito buzz over your head all night, and wished to heaven it would sting you, so you could swat it good and hard? Well, for years they've buzzed round telling me I could sing, making me feel my whole life was wasted."

" They—who? "

" Everybody. My mother, who used to cry because she hadn't the money to have my voice trained. Teachers at public school. The organist at church. The girls here. It's disgusting. Makes me so—so blamed dissatisfied." She spoke huskily, swallowing the words. " Don't pay any attention to me, Mr. Andrews," came after a pause. " I'm just a nut. Please don't laugh."

" On the contrary," put Clive quickly, " I'd like to talk this thing over. Must be somebody who'd hear you."

" It's not so easy. You have to have pull to get in anywhere that counts. And I've never had a lesson in my life."

" Would it do any good to put you in touch with one of the directors of the Metropolitan Opera? "

" *Would* it! "

" Done," concluded Andrews. " I'll fix an appointment for next week."

On a pivot of circumstance twirls the sphere of a man's universe.

From a humanitarian interest in Marie Lebouvier's talent, Clive Andrews developed into patron, if not of arts, at least of a potential artiste.

Contrary to anticipation, powers in the music world discovered that Marie had a voice—full, magnificent contralto that wabbled from nervousness and lack of training, but a voice unmistakably.

" I hate to lose such a first-rate manicurist," he informed her, watching with subdued joy her expressive face. " But they tell me you're due for an operatic career."

He felt the left hand holding his go cold. The clip in her right one slid to the table.

" Mr. Andrews—"

" Honor bright."

" They said *that?* "

" Absolutely. You're to study under some big man here—darned if I can pronounce the name. Then you go abroad."

" But — I — can't, Mr. Andrews."

" Why? "

" IN the first place, I'm twenty-five—too old."

" My dear, don't make me sad. I'm over fifty and I feel like a kid."

" But *your* career is made."

" Not a bit of it. My money is made. Now I want to do something with it."

" You're a dear, Mr. Andrews." She looked up and he could see that she wanted to cry. Instead, she smiled. " But you forget I've got responsibilities."

" Any that I can't take care of? If I'm going to sponsor this thing, I may as well make a complete job of it."

She choked. A glow came and went under her skin. Jove, it was great—this feeling of helpfulness to some one outside yourself!

" You mean you want to pay for this whole thing—lessons and—and everything? "

" You can't work all day and study at the same time. Somebody's got to back your prospects. Looking after those boys is part of the bargain."

She dropped his hand then.

" Excuse me for a minute, Mr. Andrews. I've just got to cry."

Clive watched her grope for a handkerchief, felt himself choke, leaned over, and patted her hand.

" It's all right. It's all right," he murmured. " I'm grateful to you for letting me help."

To discover genius—what a privilege! To fill your life with human interest—what a joy!

He spent days hunting for a studio suitable for the girl's work. He found a boarding school for her two small brothers. He sat in a deep chair in the dusk of autumn afternoons, listening to the glorious throaty voice, in imagination hearing it a few years hence, when it would swell over a breathless audience in the Metropolitan Opera House.

To bring opportunity to youth, to open the cage and let a songbird soar! This was living at last. The husky catch in Marie's voice as she tried to thank him struck a strange and long-silent chord in his heart. Months ago a young drunk had called him " Mummy! " Well, he was a mummy no longer.

Yet in all the series of revolutions which turned the wheel of his destiny, there had been not the slightest hint of its final swift whirl.

He had said nothing to Lucy of his discovery of the singer. Instinctively he dreaded the plaintive wail he had come to know so well:

" Do you want to make us a laughingstock before the whole world? "

But his bland faith in human nature failed to take into consideration the fact that this selfsame chatty world finds appetite in making a morsel of gossip into a feast of scandal.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[YOUTH AND BEAUTY
Continued from page thirteen]

He had been Marie Lebouvier's patron six months, when one afternoon, following an interview with her teacher, he mounted the stairs to be met by the butler, who informed him that madam wished to see him in her boudoir.

Lucy was stretched full length on a chaise longue. Her arms hung limply over the sides. Many laces and one hand trailed the floor. Her eyes were closed. He stood in the doorway, noting her face in repose. There were querulous lines about the mouth. Frowning lines between the eyes. How pinched the nose! He saw what a bitter face it was. Dissatisfied, somehow. Why? he asked himself. He had tried so hard to give her everything she wanted.

And looking down at her, before she realized his presence, there came to him one of those sudden unreasoning flashes of revelation. He knew Lucy's scheme in marrying him! He could not tell how, but the thing was as certain as though telegraphed from her thought to his. It made him step away quickly from the reclining figure on the couch.

Her eyes opened with the odd china-blue glaze characteristic when they looked at him. She sat up and handed him a cable that announced his daughter's marriage to an Italian nobleman.

Clive read it and nodded approvingly.

"Well—well! At last. I'm glad."

"I know the man," Lucy supplied. "A notorious fortune hunter. He's only marrying Blanche to get money out of you."

"Then I'll have to send them a substantial wedding present," Clive smiled.

Lucy got to her feet.

"Can't you take anything seriously any more?"

"Why should I? I took everything too seriously for too long. Now I've learned to play, my dear."

Lucy's eyelids drooped. Her lips went tight. When they moved, it was with the measured quality of an automaton.

"I'm completely aware," she said, "that your playing has also gone too far."

Clive stared at her in frank puzzlement.

"Afraid—I don't quite understand, my dear."

"Then perhaps we'd better come to an understanding now. I want you to know I'm quite aware that you're keeping a woman."

A WOMAN? The mere idea was so foreign that Clive experienced a sudden shock, as though he had touched a wire not properly protected. The tips of his fingers tingled.

A woman! And not so many months ago he had been in the mummy class.

"My dear Lucy," he found himself murmuring, "you're quite wrong, but I'm immensely flattered."

"Of course you would try to laugh it off," came acidly, "but I refuse to. I intend to sue for divorce."

Clive took a long breath. His hand traveled to the tips of his mustaches, from one to the other in foggy bewilderment.

"Divorce?" he put vaguely.

"Here—in New York. I happen to know that you've set up a manicure girl in a flat on East—"

She got no further.

Something ferocious gripped Clive's throat. Not fury, not indignation, not even the question of self-defense, but the demand on his chivalry, the need at last to pit his strength against her cunning. For a second, he could not speak.

But the fog of bewilderment lifted, and he knew that deep in his consciousness he had been wanting to have it out with Lucy for a long time. Backed against the wall, he rolled up his spiritual sleeves, realizing that the muscles under them had hardened even as had his physical ones. Visibly, however, he gave no indication of turmoil.

"Look here. I'm simply paying for the girl's musical education. She has a magnificent voice. I consider it a privilege to sponsor her career."

"Indeed?" Lucy's head went back. Laughter, brittle as broken glass, scratched against his ears. "How naïf! You expect any court to swallow that little fable? Do you want to convince me you haven't taken an apartment for her?"

"Of course I have!" He felt a certain pride in the clear honesty of the statement. "And looked after her family. And given her the money she needs. And wanted her to take more than she's willing to accept. What's more, I intend to keep on supporting her until she's ready to support herself."

Lucy's fair skin paled.

"And you really believe I'll stand by quite calmly as your wife and allow you to make a laughingstock of me?"

"I want to prevent your doing just that, my dear Lucy. Think how—pardon me—absurd you'd appear in the daily press, featured in headlines something like this: 'Younger and More Beautiful Woman Wins Clive Andrews Away from His Wife. Mrs. Andrews Weeps as Beautiful Young Singer Steals Her Husband.' Think of the columns and columns in the papers, the ridicule you'd have to face.

"It wouldn't be pretty.

"And then, in addition"—he paused, placed his pince-nez deliberately across his nose, and gazed at her, eyes suddenly bright with meaning—"in addition, some reporter might have the effrontery to suggest that you married me for my money.

"That would be a most unfair accusation, wouldn't it?"

LUCY'S china-cat stare turned slowly from the soft yet firm query. She said nothing.

"No, you're bound to lose—in more ways than one. Because I should be forced to fight such a suit, my dear, with every weapon at my command."

"You mean— You insist on holding me—against my will?"

"On the contrary, I have no desire in the world to hold you."

"I've got to be free," struggled from Lucy's tight throat. "I've got to get out of this—this torture—or I'll die."

"Please!" He raised a hand to stop her.

"I have no wish to hurt you. I want to give you exactly what you want. But let us by all means handle the matter quietly—one might put it, with alimony, not acrimony. I'm the last one in the world to want you to be unhappy."

"Unhappy? What do you suppose I've been—ever since our marriage?"

"I'm sorry, infinitely sorry, my dear. You shall have your freedom, of course. They say Reno is quite a city. Or Paris, if you prefer."

He paused, conscious of a surge of anticipation. Freedom—for himself!

Freedom to come and go with this new-found joy of living buckled to him like shining armor.

Freedom to fare forth, strewing with gold the cobbled path of the less fortunate.

Freedom to enjoy life—something he had never known.

With a gentle smile he looked at Lucy—the wife he understood only at the moment of parting.

"I want you to be happy," he said, "because, no matter what settlement I make to secure your future, I shall still be in your debt."

Lucy's fingers went to her throat.

For the first time the blue stare of her eyes was human.

"My debt?"

"Certainly, my dear Lucy. Through your efforts, I've found youth. I've come to see how much beauty there is in the world. In short, whether you meant to or not, you've taught a poor old duffer how to live. Why shouldn't I be eternally grateful?"

THE END

"All my clients are asked to use no soap except Palmolive. The pure palm and olive oils of which it is made give the skin deep thorough cleansing. Daily cleansings with Palmolive have a tonic and rejuvenating effect on the skin."

Niraus
Madrid

Niraus' reputation extends throughout Spain. His salon is one of the handsomest in the South of Europe and his smart clientele includes many Royal personages.

"Use no soap except Palmolive" says NIRAUS, of Madrid

Known throughout Spain as one of the foremost specialists on care of the skin

REGULAR treatments from an expert beautician are invaluable in retaining a youthful, lovely skin. But . . . the greatest beauty specialist in the world cannot make up for lack of proper home care. Neglect this—according to Niraus, renowned beauty expert of Madrid, Spain—and you are placing too great a burden on your beauty specialist. Niraus is a skin specialist of wide experience and enviable reputation. His list of clients includes many names of Royal distinction. His typically Spanish Salon is an important rendezvous in the foreign world of beauty culture.

An assistant giving a facial treatment in the salon of Madame Elin Dahlstrand of Stockholm, who finds that "Palmolive Soap lather revives and strengthens the tissues."

"A beauty specialist," says Niraus, "effects the greatest improvements in a complexion when he has the whole-hearted cooperation of a client. Much of the success of a beauty treatment depends on how the skin is treated at home. The basis of all complexion care is, or should be, to cleanse the skin thoroughly twice a day, using soap and water. If this rule is neglected, some of the benefit of the most expert treatment must be lost."

"No soap but Palmolive"

"All my clients are asked to use no soap except Palmolive. The pure palm and olive oils of which it is made give the skin the deep thorough cleansing that is required in order to rid the pores of all accumulations. It also acts as an emollient and has very valuable cosmetic qualities. Daily cleansings with Palmolive have a tonic and rejuvenating effect on the skin."

With this opinion, Tejêro of Barcelona heartily agrees. The treatment they both advise is so simple: massage a lather of Palmolive Soap and water into the skin. Rinse with warm water, graduated to cold. Then—make-up!

Most remarkable professional endorsement

Everywhere that beauty culture is practiced . . . in every great city of Europe, in American cities, small towns, smart resorts . . . more than 17,648 beauty specialists recommend the daily use of Palmolive Soap to keep skin young, fresh colored, beautiful.

Never, in the history of beauty culture, has any product had such overwhelming professional endorsement. These experts *know* the way to skin beauty. They practice their own advice. Their clients are proof of its wisdom.

Do you use Palmolive? One week's use will show you why it is the first of all facial soaps in America and throughout 48 other countries.

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

5067

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

THE MERRY CHRISTMAS SPIRIT as it shines forth in the faces of passers-by in the street these days.

A VISITING LOBBYIST from Washington tells Benito Mussolini a few things about how to be the dictator of a country.

THE BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE would like to know why the great and glorious state of Massachusetts is never mentioned as the locale in any mammy and I-want-to-go-back songs.

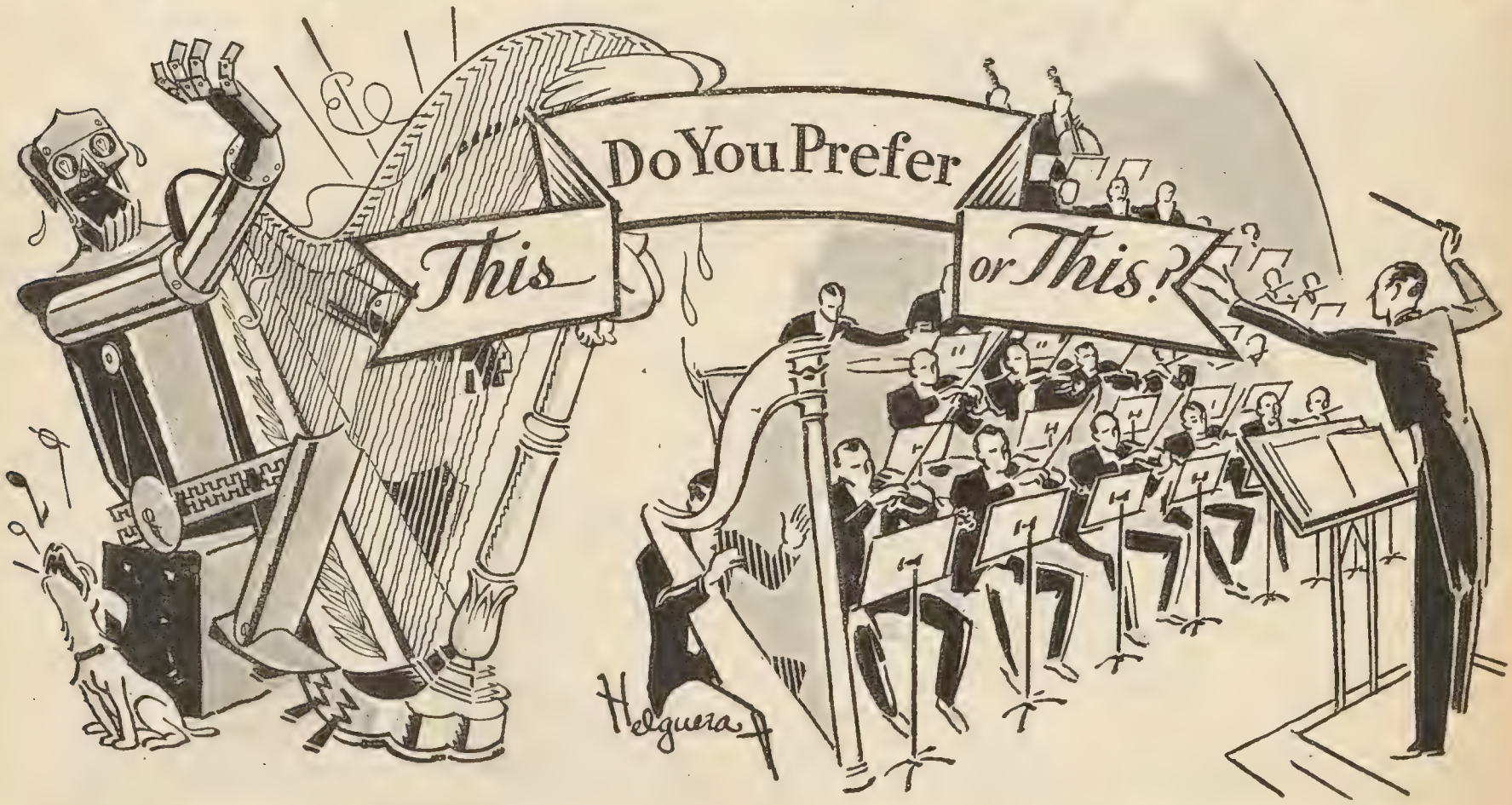
WHEN *the* BAND STRIKES UP IN THE THEATRE

CAN any substitute ever equal the glamour and thrill of Real Music, played by Living Musicians for an appreciative audience?

In theatre, concert hall or dining place can any form of sound adequately substitute for the music made by living players—emotionally vibrant, sympathetic and human because reflective of the moment's mood?

Evidence abounds that Real Music, played by artists present in the theatre, affords to listeners a great deal of pleasure. Can this pleasure be eliminated with profit to national culture? Should it be eliminated?

In seeking answers to these questions, one should bear in mind the tremendous cultural influence that Real or Living Music has had on the progress of Man. Surely the thought will follow that this influence is worth preserving—that Real Music deserves support and patronage for social as well as aesthetic reasons. Unless society sees fit to utilize the services of Living Musicians, what incentive can remain for the development of young talent? From whence will come the Good Music of the Future?

In this swift-moving, highly mechanized age, Man has good reason for defending such true art as remains to him. Surely he cannot spare the mellowing effect of Real Music made by the hands and hearts of flesh-and-blood artists!

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada

Joseph N. Weber, President, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

The Jersey Lily

Mrs. Langtry in 1879; a drawing by Frank Miles.

The Life Story of the Lovely Langtry

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LILLIE LANGTRY, who died last February in her seventy-fifth year, was one of the glamorous figures of her time, which extended from the late 1870s through the World War, after which she retired to private life at Monte Carlo. In the fore part of that long period she was England's most famous beauty; to the end of it she was a stage celebrity; and in its latter part she added to her fame and achieved a social comeback by making a brilliant success as the owner of a racing stable.

For decades, sensational news of her—of her adventures on tour, her jewels, her yacht, her ultraluxurious private car, her ranch in California—"crashed the front page" with almost monotonous frequency. There was also a succession of even more sensational themes of gossip, and some of these found their way into the public prints.

In last week's Liberty, Princess Kropotkin began her story of this glittering life with a description of the English Channel island of Jersey, Lillie Le Breton's birthplace, and an account of her upbringing as the tomboy daughter of the island's Church of England dean. In her teens she became engaged to Edward Langtry, a young Irish country gentleman who looked like a good match. They were married before she was twenty. She had already been told by an authoritative visitor, Lord Suffield, that she was "very, very beautiful" and ought to have a season in London; so after two years' residence in Jersey the Langtrys went there.

PART TWO—CONQUEST IN LONDON

"LAST night I dined with Lord Wharncliffe and took in to dinner a Mrs. Langtry—a most beautiful creature—quite unknown, very poor, and they say she has but one black dress."

So wrote Lord Randolph Churchill from London in the latter '70s to his American fiancée, Jennie Jerome.

This dinner was Lillie's first in the magic circle of London society. It followed closely on her sensational appearance on the social horizon, an appearance followed by conquest so fantastic that it has become as much a legend as that of Cinderella.

There is, in every city large or small, some woman of assured social position who collects under her roof people of her own class, and leavens them with those of the artistic, literary, and theatrical world. Add to these an occasional novelty—a stranger to be befriended, a genius to be launched, a swan to be exhibited—and you have the ingredients for a salon.

Precisely such a one was Lady Sebright's in London during the late '70s. Herself an amateur actress, she vowed herself a patron of the arts. So on Sunday nights her friends and enemies, her lions and swans, hied themselves to her grim Belgravia mansion.

Hither came Lillie and her husband one Sunday night with a card obtained for them by Lord Ranelagh, an old acquaintance of Lillie's Jersey days.

Feeling very much the country cousin in her simple black gown—she was in mourning for a brother—Lillie made her entry into smart society.

Meekly she retired to a chair in a corner, her husband standing guard by her side.

At that moment, as they gazed forlornly upon the crowd of strangers, neither suspected that the shuttle of fate was flying fast, weaving the magic fabric of Lillie's life.

Across the room Frank Miles, famous young painter of fair women, seized his companion by the arm. "Who is she?" he demanded. "Quick, tell me who she is—the

Greek goddess there in the black dress!"

Bubbling with excitement, Miles pushed his way to his hostess. "Lady Sebright," he said, "some weeks ago I saw in a theater the most beautiful woman in the world. She is here tonight. Who is she?"

Here was a nice situation! Lady Sebright, all agog for a new sensation (Frank Miles had raved for weeks about this fair incognita), did not know to whom he referred!

Miles came to her rescue. "There she is," he said, indicating Lillie in her corner.

"Oh, but of course!" gasped Lady Sebright, breathing again. "That is Mrs. Langtry, a friend of Lord Ranelagh's. She is indeed a great beauty, and I am so proud of my discovery," chattered her Ladyship.

Frank Miles was introduced. And Lady Sebright, the perfect show-woman, moved from group to group, whispering a word here, collecting an opinion there, bringing up more and more guests, all eager to gaze upon the vision.

AROUND Lillie stood a crowd. John Everett Millais, exuberant and friendly, claimed her as kinswoman—were they not both Jersey bred?

Whistler, his waspish tongue stilled for once, gazed spellbound. Henry Irving, prince of the theater, paid her flowery compliments. Lord Wharncliffe, coal king and patron of artists, appraised her with a trained eye.

Already Miles and Whistler and Millais were begging for sittings. Millais won the day. He was to be the first to reproduce on canvas Lillie's classic features.

And so the rumor went. The most beautiful woman in the world! Not just a lovely face that men found pleasing, but a creature extolled and set upon a pedestal by painters renowned for their study of beauty.

Whistler, Millais, Miles, Poynter, Burne-Jones, Watts—this was the jury which found her perfect.

A representative portrait photograph of the Jersey Lily in her heyday.

Society accepted the verdict. Soon the public would follow where society led.

Next morning Lillie woke to find herself famous. A pile of visiting cards bearing the names of everyone who was anyone in London lay waiting on a salver in the narrow hall of Lillie's modest lodging. These Lillie and her husband found on returning from their usual early morning stroll.

"A complete transformation seemed to have taken place in my life overnight," wrote Lillie of this day.

And so to dinner to my Lord Wharncliffe's—the drawing-room Ziegfeld of Mayfair; a dinner at which country cousin Lillie was shocked because Lady Wharncliffe smoked cigarettes.

On this particular evening it was that Lillie definitely entered the "inner circle" of society. Sir Edward Poynter, later president of the Royal Academy, had just been commissioned by Lord Wharncliffe to paint four decorative panels for the historic Wharncliffe home.

Lillie was asked to pose for the central figure. Three other figures were painted from Lady Wharncliffe, Lady Poynter, and Miss Violet Lindsay, later Duchess of Rutland, mother of the beautiful Lady Diana Manners.

Followed a carnival season. Lillie and her husband had the entrée to every great house in London. Two or three parties an evening became the routine.

Stately Devonshire House beheld an unwonted scene one night. In its marble pools grew colored water lilies which young Mrs. Langtry admired. Forthwith the Marquis of Harrington, heir to the dukedom of Devonshire, plunged in to gather them. Dripping wet, his arms laden with flowers, followed by velvet-clad flunkies carrying more of them, the Marquis marched to Lillie's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

brougham, there to strew the blossoms. At Lady Jersey's the guests stood upon chairs and divans to get a better view of Lillie when she arrived.

No fête was complete without her.

To all these parties Lillie went in her only evening frock—the creation of a modest Jersey dressmaker. Was it economy? Lillie's notorious extravagance, which was to ruin Langtry, did not develop till later, and there was money enough to buy gowns in that first season. Lillie herself explained that she was completely indifferent to clothes. In view of the rapid development of her taste for finery, which awoke soon after, I am inclined to doubt this explanation. Rather it must have been a sophisticated yet practical form of vanity.

George Frederick Watts painted this picture of Mrs. Langtry and called it The Dean's Daughter.

That one black dress was the talk of the town. Quite tangibly it served as proof that Lillie's beauty did not depend upon ornament or adornment.

"Don't tell me that you don't think her perfect!" raved the great Whistler. "She *is* perfect. Her beauty is simply exquisite, but her manner is more exquisite still."

That Lillie's charm of manner had much to do with her success at all times in social circles is undisputed. But the great public knew nothing of it. To the crowds, Lillie's physical perfection was all. The story of the one gown had a romantic and democratic appeal. It heightened the power of her beauty; like a banner defiant, it flaunted its somber menace to the flashing diamonds, to the mystery of laces and the glamour of rich silks. Other women, to be beautiful, must have these. Not Lillie. It did much to enthrone her firmly in the hearts of the populace.

SOON the black gown was immortalized by Millais in the portrait he painted of Lillie.

There is in Jersey a fragile red lily, brought there centuries ago by a vessel sailing from Africa and wrecked upon the Jersey coast. In the Millais portrait Lillie holds a spray of this flower in her hand. At once she gained the sobriquet of "the Jersey Lily." At the Academy the portrait had to be roped in to protect it from the crowds.

Photographers were already popularizing her features, and her picture stared from every shop window. Peddlers in the streets sold picture puzzles of the Jersey Lily.

Almost at once it became impossible for Lillie to appear with safety anywhere in public. In shops, no sooner was her presence known than crowds formed and Lillie must escape by back entrances. At her door hundreds waited daily to see her emerge, and in Hyde Park people flocked around her.

A girl resembling her was mobbed and rescued unconscious by the police.

There was a Langtry coiffure—the hair worn in a knot on the neck; and every smart woman wore Langtry shoes. A piece of velvet, twisted into a toque by Lillie herself, with a quill for ornament, was copied by millions and commented upon in the press in verse:

> Mrs. Langtry, looking charming
> With a cap that's quite alarming
> In which a single feather
> Most fantastically cocks.

The rites of "Lily worship," as it was dubbed, were in full swing.

Sitting for famous artists, dancing at the most select houses, worshiped by the crowd, Lillie was having the time of her life.

"Whatever my husband said and felt, I absolutely reveled in the novelty of it all," wrote Lillie, and added that "my husband greatly disliked all this publicity, sometimes losing his temper and blaming me."

If Lillie was not to blame, poor Edward Langtry could be blamed even less. For with publicity came admirers, and these Lillie enjoyed along with the rest of the fun.

In fact, Lillie was losing her head. She was also losing her husband.

Of the former circumstance she was unaware. Whether she noticed the latter—or cared—is doubtful.

THE great arbiter of fashion in London was the gay heir to the throne, later to become King Edward VII.

Rumors of Lillie, of her looks and charm, came to his ears—perhaps through his younger brother Leopold, who was already fastened to Lillie's chariot wheels. It was Prince Leopold who bought the lovely drawing Frank Miles made of Lillie and hung it above his bed, whence Queen Victoria indignantly removed it, clambering on to a chair to do so.

The Wheel of Fortune, a famous painting by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Mrs. Langtry posed for the figure of Fortune, and ever afterward disliked the artist's conception as a cruel one.

A faithful friend of the Prince of Wales, Sir Allen Young, arranged for his Royal Highness to look the new beauty over.

A supper party for ten was arranged, and to this Lillie and her husband were invited.

When the Prince arrived Lillie stood by the fireplace. Whether she herself grabbed the center of the stage, or whether her host gave it to her, we can only surmise. Lillie would have us believe she did not know that the Prince was expected, that his entrance took her unawares and threw her into a panic. Whichever way it was, both the Langtrys were nervous—but for different reasons.

Nervous or not, Lillie stood conspicuously on the hearthrug and managed a magnificent curtsy when her turn came to be presented. Mr. Langtry, less self-possessed and far less eager for the acquaintance, made

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

Why Kolynos Concentrates in Liberty in 1930

AFTER a thorough survey of the magazine field we selected Liberty as the key-magazine in our 1929 advertising campaign.

Results proved it a wise move.

Coupon returns, sales and retail attitude were so satisfactory that Liberty repeats in 1930. Again it has been cast for the leading rôle in advertising Kolynos.

The mere fact that Liberty is sold in more than 20,000 drug stores has its influence. The druggist is able to note the reader interest in Liberty. He knows the type of person who buys it. He can check the selling power of this magazine by what these people buy in his store.

Consequently we give Liberty a full renewal for 1930 with the utmost confidence.

W. H. Kiser

President
THE KOLYNOS COMPANY

Liberty guarantees not less than 2,250,000 average net paid circulation for 1930. This figure has already been exceeded.

Liberty now has the biggest newsdealer circulation of any magazine. Contracts for all issues of 1930 may be written at present rates—the lowest page costs in the field.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

"I use Kolynos on a dry tooth brush to keep my teeth flashing white"

Now dancing her way to new glory in George White's "Scandals"

says

ANN PENNINGTON

"LIKE other members of my profession to whom white teeth are a vital necessity," says the twinkling Ann Pennington, "I use Kolynos on a dry tooth brush. I find that it cleans and whitens the teeth better than any other method I know, and since it has my dentist's approval, I use it freely." Ann Pennington

Yellow, dull or discolored teeth become radiantly white when you use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique.

Teeth 3 shades whiter in 3 days, and lustrously beautiful in 10. You can prove this before your own mirror!

½ Inch of Kolynos on a Dry Brush Cleans Teeth Down to the Naked White Enamel Without Injury.

This is why:

Kolynos is a highly concentrated, double-strength antiseptic dentifrice that whips instantly into a surging foam in the mouth. Hence you can use it on a dry brush—which is to use it undiluted—*full strength*. Also, with an unwetted brush the bristles remain stiff enough to scrub the tooth surfaces properly and penetrate the crevices, pits and fissures.

The active, antiseptic foam busies itself on the mucin coating that forms on teeth and discolors them. It breaks up this mucoid coating, disintegrates it, and with the aid of the properly stiff brush bristles, washes it completely off the teeth. ***Teeth are cleaned down to the naked, white enamel without injury.***

The lively foam pushes its way into all the crevices in the mouth. It cleans out and disinfects those places where food particles lodge and cause decay. It destroys mouth acids and germs, and makes the entire mouth sweet and clean.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Try it FREE!

Try the amazing Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique. See your teeth 3 shades whiter in 3 days and lustrously beautiful in 10!

Get a tube of Kolynos at your drug store (30c and 50c sizes) or write today for a free trial tube.

Clip the coupon.

The Kolynos Co., Dept. LB2
New Haven, Conn.

Mail me FREE Two-Week's Tube of Kolynos.

Name.....

Street & No.....

City.....State.....

[THE JERSEY LILY
Continued from page twenty]

awkward bows. At supper Lillie sat beside his Highness, but as far as conversation went he had but slender luck. Lillie was exceptionally silent. Was this shyness —or wisdom?

It would seem the latter, for the well known listening trick, combined with beauty, won Lillie her prize.

A guest whom the Langtrys had invited to lunch some days later arrived to find the maids flustered and Lillie absent. He was conducted to the dining room.

On the couch lay Edward Langtry, half asleep. Beside him stood an array of beer bottles.

Langtry aroused himself and addressed his guest.

"You won't get mush lunch today, old man," he said. "Important guest coming thish afternoon. We ain't important enough for my wife."

Lillie appeared. "I'm *so* sorry, Mr. T——. I'm afraid we will have to have a hurried meal. You will forgive me, won't you?"

"I WONDERED what all the fuss was about," said Mr. T—— afterward. "But as I left, a brougham drew up before the house and the Prince of Wales stepped out."

So Lillie entertained the Prince in her drawing-room while her husband lay drunk in the dining room.

Very soon the lovely Mrs. Langtry could be seen riding in Hyde Park with the Prince. The proprieties were well observed, for never did they appear unchaperoned.

The group which constituted the Prince's intimate circle of friends took Lillie to its bosom, and the famous black frock no longer sufficed for her excursions into smart society. However, only one gown was added to her wardrobe—a white, pearl-embroidered velvet.

"She was the most beautiful vision I ever have seen," a worldly old gentleman told me. By the far-away look in his eyes I knew that Lillie, as he saw her at a ball in his mother's house when he was but a boy, was visibly before him when he spoke. He remembered the white dress, and also that Lillie, all her life a passionate devotee of dancing, asked Mr. Langtry's consent to remain a little longer at the ball. Though Edward Langtry had already given up his yacht—an enormous sacrifice for him—his moderate income still met all needs during that first season when Lillie's demands and behavior were so modest. No breath of scandal had touched her as yet, and Edward Langtry took much pleasure in showing her off, despite his pangs of jealousy.

His income was stretched to provide a small house in Mayfair. It stood on the site of the old Tyburn Tree Gallows, and maids declared it was haunted, but it cost, nevertheless, what houses in London's most select district do cost.

Lillie filled it with spurious antiques—she who later became so great a connoisseur; and Whistler helped her enliven the gloomy drawing-room. A painted ceiling with birds sailing across an azure sky was added, and golden palm-leaf fans which Lillie and Whistler gilded together were nailed to the walls. Into such gaudy sins of taste could Lillie's charm betray even the super-artistic Whistler.

That ceiling must have pleased her mightily, for when I entered the sitting-room of her last home, the Villa le Lys at Monaco, there too was a painted ceiling all azure sky and fleecy clouds, and on the frescoed wall a vivid bird in flight. Was it just Lillie's taste, or had memories of Whistler been at work?

THE Langtrys now went everywhere people with ample fortunes go. In the company of dukes and lords they joined coaching parties; to Cowes for the yachting as guests of Prince Leopold; to Scotland for shooting parties; to balls and suppers given by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House.

In her second season Lillie was presented at court.

Attired in ivory brocade, the court train adorned with Maréchal Niel roses, and carrying a huge bouquet of the same flowers—a tribute from the Prince—Lillie made her curtsy to Queen Victoria.

The Queen, who often retired before the end of a very lengthy "drawing-room," leaving the Prince and Princess of Wales to receive the curtsies of the débutantes, remained on this occasion to the end, out of curiosity to see the famous new beauty.

Lillie had once more obtained what she wanted. Her presentation carried with it, as it always does, the right of attending further courts, the entrée to British embassies in foreign lands, and various other privileges dear to snobbish worldlings.

Lillie's curtsy to the Queen and Edward Langtry's bow at a levee—he was sponsored by the Prince of Wales himself—definitely placed the Langtrys in the ranks of the socially elect. The wherewithal to maintain this magnificence was another matter, and one, it would seem, which was often uppermost in Lillie's mind.

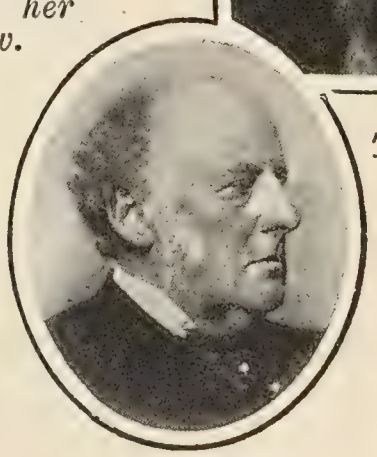
At a reception at the Foreign Office Lillie was introduced to the great Disraeli, then already Lord Beacons-

Courtesy Rudolf Lesch

Burne-Jones' The Golden Stair. "I may be detected, both full-face and in profile, on two of the lower steps," said Mrs. Langtry in her book, The Days I Knew.

Topical Press photo

The Jersey Lily, the portrait by Millais whose title became Lillie's soubriquet.



Sir John Everett Millais.

field, Prime Minister of Great Britain. Lillie's reputation for wanting things and getting them had evidently preceded her, for after the first greetings, Disraeli eyed her quizzically.

"What can I do for you?" he queried.

Lillie, her mind preoccupied with the problem of new frocks for the coming Ascot races, answered archly:

"Four new gowns for Ascot."

Her practical wit, amusing but so feeble compared to Disraeli's own, won a laugh—no more.

"You are a sensible young woman," said Disraeli, patting her hand. "Many a woman would have asked to be made a duchess in her own right."

Photo from Harold Seton

King Edward VII as Prince of Wales in the 1880s.

A POSITION in society and appearances in public with the heir to the throne have, however, their practical value, and if the Prime Minister treated Lillie's needs as a joke, there were tradesmen who saw possible profit in them.

Soon she was equipped for every occasion, and her credit did not stop short at such extravagances as ermine-lined negligées and sable-trimmed cloaks.

But Lillie's tastes were not limited to society and luxurious garments. The atmosphere of studios and the company of artists was equally to her liking. Perhaps, too, she realized the publicity value of such associations. Certainly her friendship with Oscar Wilde brought her sufficient limelight.

When they first met, Wilde, a very young man just down from Oxford, had already attracted attention by his poems. Extravagantly dressed, with a melodious voice and a marvelous stage presence, his witticisms and mannerisms made him a target for journalists. All such attentions Wilde capitalized.

Lillie being the vogue at the moment, Wilde, with an eye to publicity as keen as Lillie's own, immediately proclaimed himself a devotee at her shrine. Yet something more than self-interest was needed to inspire the poem dedicated "To Helen, formerly of Troy, now of London," which Wilde wrote to Lillie. This poem is probably the greatest and most immortal tribute ever paid to her beauty. Too long to quote in full, one stanza will convey an idea of it:

Lily of love, pure and inviolate!
Tower of ivory! Red rose of fire!
Thou hast come down our darkness to illume,
For we, close caught in the wide nets of fate,
Wearied with waiting for the World's Desire,
Aimlessly wandered in this House of Gloom,
Aimlessly sought some slumberous anodyne
For wasted lives, for lingering wretchedness,
Till we beheld thy re-arisen shrine,
And the white glory of thy loveliness.

The extravagance of Wilde's worship carried him to preposterous lengths. On one occasion Langtry, returning home in the early hours of the morning, stumbled across Wilde, who slept curled up on the doorstep of his deity's house. Either actual shortage of cash or love of pose inspired him to purchase one perfect lily as an offering for the lady. With this he would stalk down

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"... and the man who smokes, thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan."
—Bulwer-Lytton

A *cooler* smoke in a drier pipe

One pound of good cheer:

A Christmas package, very handsome in gold and black, has been designed for Granger Rough Cut's many devotees.

It contains one full pound of such ripe, mellow tobacco as may well express the season's spirit between good friends. Prime Kentucky Burley, made smooth and fragrant by the secret "Wellman 1870 Method," and specially "rough cut" for slow cool burning in pipes.

Dealers generally throughout the country now have this Christmas canister.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

... in more pipes every day!

[THE JERSEY LILY
Continued from page twenty-three]

the leading thoroughfare of London, carrying the flower like a candle before him. This was too good for the songsters of the day to miss, and Gilbert and Sullivan promptly made fun of Wilde and his fad in Patience, Gilbert ending a lyric with this verse:

Though the Philistines may jostle
You will rank as an apostle
In the æsthetic band,
If you walk down Piccadilly
With a poppy or a lily
In your medieval hand.

One of Oscar Wilde's first comedies was Lady Windermere's Fan, which he wrote some years later for Lillie, who was by then on the stage. The part he intended for her was that of a society woman with a full-grown illegitimate daughter.

The idea of increasing her age, even before the footlights—her own daughter was but a baby at the time—and perhaps other considerations also, made Lillie reject the play. She even refused to read it. A foolish action, as it proved, for Lady Windermere's Fan scored a tremendous success.

It was Wilde who was associated with Lillie in that first triumphant year in London in one of the least expected yet most characteristic of her amusements.

Together they attended lectures on Greek art at the University of London. Publicity again, one might think—and be mistaken.

Lillie's earnest desire for information, her persistent accumulation of knowledge, was as much a characteristic as was her white skin. This taste had two sources—first, her active brain; second, that she most surprisingly did not consider herself a great beauty. Because of this lack of conviction where her looks were concerned, never once in her life do we find her content to rely solely upon appearances.

"I never set myself up for a beauty. I never thought I was one, and don't think I am now," said Lillie once.

Of course such statements are open to doubt, but unlike most handsome women Lillie never gazed at her own reflection in a mirror except when this was actually necessary for her toilet.

SO we find her, at the zenith of her reign in London, endeavoring to learn something about art in order to follow and take part in the conversation of the artists she was meeting. "Beautiful but not dumb," was ever Lillie's slogan. Later, when she was on the stage, we find her not content to be a mere spectacle, slaving to master an art utterly alien to her talents. A close friend of Lillie's, and for many years an associate in business, told me that "all her spare moments were devoted to reading good and informative books."

To her house in Norfolk Street came Ruskin, revivalist preacher of the gospel of beauty and the dignity of labor. An outstanding figure in the snobbish Victorian era, Ruskin practiced what he preached. There was a famous occasion when, heading a group of students armed with shovels and brooms, he and his followers swept clean the streets around the British Museum as a remonstrance to a lax city administration.

Among Lillie's acquaintances and friends were numbered others of the most interesting men of the day. Walter Pater the essayist, a wizard of words who used them to mask bloodless sensuality by a sweetly sonorous homage to art. And Swinburne, red-headed wisp of a man, often drunk with liquor and always drunk with the music and magic of language—burning with strange fervors, consumed and illumined by the conflagration of his vision, recognized poet and undiscovered sage.

To have associated with these men, to have held their interest, Lillie must, despite her immaturity, have shown an instinct for artistic values, a desire for knowledge, and a mental ability above the average.

While she was gathering social bouquets she was also busy gathering the harvest of such friendships as aided her in her general development.

This she did to good purpose.

Had she had nothing but beauty to offer, her friendship with the Prince of Wales would never have lasted such long years. Lillie was well beyond middle age when King Edward VII, as he then was, wrote to her to Monte Carlo, "Come over and talk to me; I am bored to death."

But Lillie's artistic and literary friendships were as little to Edward Langtry's taste as her worldly intimacies.

An outdoor man, his only real interests were fishing, yachting, and tramping the countryside.

IN the years which followed Lillie's first triumphs she and her husband drifted further and further apart. The extravagance of their life overtaxed Langtry's resources beyond repair, and his absences in Ireland, where he had an estate, grew more and more frequent. His enthusiasm for fishing served as a pretext—although it deceived no one—for an almost permanent absence from home. There was also a five months' trip to America.

Lillie's life ran smoothly enough in the channel she had chosen. She still frequented the houses of the élite, for who dared close their doors to an intimate of the heir to the throne? True, the Princess of Wales no longer called upon her, but life was a pleasant affair even without this honor.

What led Lillie to choose this path is hard to say. Many other well born women had chosen it before her, many more were to follow. Great material gain there was none. Distinction there was, of course, and Lillie undoubtedly lost her head chiefly because of this. But there was also the fact that King Edward VII was a great *charmeur*, as the French say. Gay, intelligent, witty, with a dignity that few dared to impose upon, women found him a delightful companion.

His nickname of "Tum-tum" which his intimates used—a reminder of his rotund figure—is proof enough that he did not mind a joke against himself. That he was even capable of accepting a snub—a deserved one—in public and of being courteous about it shows a quality almost unknown among royalty.

The occasion was a musical evening at the house of the American-born Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester—née Yznaga.

King Edward, seated between two ladies, continued chatting with them when Alice Nielsen, as yet far from famous, sang. During the third verse of the song, Alice Nielsen, furious at the deep booming voice of the King, directed the word "hush," with which the verse began, directly at his Majesty, much to the horror of those present.

At the end of the song King Edward came up to the singer. "Miss Nielsen," he said, "I really deserved that 'hush' from you, and I hope you will forgive me for having talked."

Not till Lillie's world came crashing about her ears did she realize how misleading was this quality of easy affability. Familiarity, she learned to her cost, was never tolerated by the Prince even from those for whom he seemingly had indulgence.

Without warning her close friendship with him came to an end.

Almost grotesque was the cause of the sudden break.

NEXT WEEK—

Hugh Walpole

contributes a strange story of an adventure on Christmas Eve

Nina Wilcox Putnam

compares pre-Volstead football festivities with those of 1929

Franklin P. Adams

tells of what the stock market can do (and did) to a humorist

A piece of ice, playfully slid down the august neck at a gay supper party, made the trouble, so it is said.

No episode of Lillie's life—and there were many more noteworthy and interesting—seems to linger so persistently and vividly in the popular memory. The unanimity with which it was repeated to me almost tempts me to moralize on the well known fact that scandal immortalizes even better than achievement.

This story Lillie herself denied most vigorously. Yet some color is lent to it by her love of such boisterous fun as tobogganing downstairs on trays, a sport she practiced in country houses.

Whether the ice trick or, as some aver, her extravagance—which was becoming boundless—led to the rupture, is immaterial.

Serene and secure in her peculiar position, the sudden withdrawal of royal amity disrupted Lillie's scheme of existence. It found her curiously unprepared. To it can be attributed, I believe, much of her later hardness and canniness in dealing with men.

Too young to have suspected the fleeting quality of royal sunshine, she learned that reflected glory may bring credit, but that for girls like herself cash is more dependable than credit.

AS always in such cases, the withdrawal of royal favor became known overnight.

Lillie's prestige, born in a day, withered no less rapidly. Society began to snicker. Tradesmen heard it.

With Langtry absent, upon the cessation of her appearances in public with the Prince, Lillie's creditors became alert. In swarms and droves they descended upon her little house in Mayfair. Lillie was penniless. Soon the bailiffs sat in the hall.

A few devoted friends remained. They endeavored to find a way out of the trouble by suggesting careers for Lillie.

Frank Miles suggested market gardening. Whistler saw a latent talent for painting. Oscar Wilde came nearest the mark. He was strong for the stage.

But Lillie chose the wiser course. Bruised, sore, and feeling slightly ridiculous, her latent shrewdness came to her rescue. Quite clearly she realized that for the time being the situation was hopeless. Her credit had crashed. Society was unfriendly. She decided to let time work its magic.

Leaving the house and its contents to the bailiffs, she fled to her home island, there to remain until the adverse winds had spent their fury.

In next week's installment Princess Kropotkin will tell of the Jersey Lily's adoption of the stage as a career.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the largest state east of the Mississippi?
2—What acid is found in vinegar?
3—What American naval officer was called Fighting Bob?
4—What is the Bourse?
5—What is Adam's ale?
6—What is caoutchouc?
7—Who was Marie Antoinette?
8—What is a calorie?
9—What does the Latin phrase *dum spiro spero* mean?
10—How many pints in a bushel?
11—What is hyperbole?
12—What is a gazetteer?
13—Who was Xantippe?
14—What is the Pentateuch?
15—What was Libby Prison?
16—What is usury?
17—What is a hierarchy?
18—What is orthography?
19—What is the capital of Bolivia?
20—What is a posthumous child?

(Answers will be found on page thirty-four)

The Singing Shave

A Grand Opera For Your Face

Of course he sings when he shaves! His Ever-Ready Blade slides happily through his whiskers. His cheeks rejoice at the kindly stroke of his razor. He and his face glory in those joyous Singing Shaves... Why don't you join the chorus of Singing Shavers? Equip yourself with a package of the keener, more durable Ever-Ready Blades. At all dealers.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Ever-Ready BLADES

A Swan Song of Silence

Miss Garbo's Last Voiceless Film, Miss Baker's Début, and Two from the Footlights

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

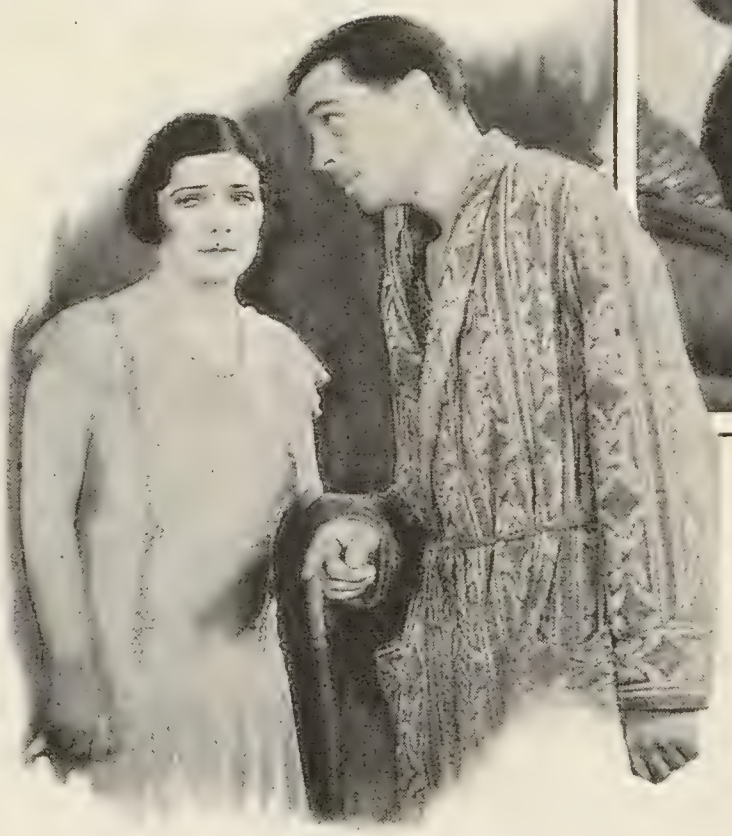
★ ★ ★ THE KISS

GO see Greta Garbo in The Kiss, if only to view the Swedish star in her last moments of glamorous silence. Miss Garbo will talk in her next Metro-Goldwyn film, Anna Christie. Vocalism may imperil her film future, just as it has cast a shadow upon Jack Gilbert's popularity. The Kiss is one of the last of Hollywood's voiceless pictures.

Based upon an original screen yarn, The Kiss tells one of those typically hectic Continental stories. The beautiful Irene Guarry is married to a bad-tempered and elderly business man but she really loves a young attorney. When the jealous husband unjustly suspects a young school lad who thinks he loves her, Irene Guarry shoots and kills her lord and master to save the boy's life. She goes to trial—and her lawyer-lover defends her.

You probably can guess what the jury does when it holds Greta Garbo's fate in its hands.

Conrad Nagel is the attorney, Anders Randolf is the husband, and a newcomer, Lew Ayres, is the boy. This Ayres easily is the best of Miss Garbo's supporting cast.



Belle Baker and Arthur Houseman in The Song of Love.

Miss Garbo is a moody and fascinating figure as the young matron who shoots down her husband. By adroitly shading an unsympathetic rôle, she makes the complicated story almost believable.

This isn't one of Miss Garbo's best films—but it has box-office record earmarks.

★ ★ THE SONG OF LOVE

One more vaudeville star in another version of The Singing Fool. In The Song of Love, Columbia Pictures has crossed the Jolson plot with The Dance of Life. The result is Belle Baker's first—and probably last—starring movie.

The Kiss presents the glamorous Greta Garbo.

Another vaudeville team is broken up by another siren. The wife has retired from the footlights to raise their little Sonny Boy—but she now must return to make a living. So she sings with another breaking heart.

Miss Baker is a robust veteran variety singer of yearn-and-sob melodies. She sings a lot in The Song of Love. Her acting is as bad as the histrionics of other vaudeville stars inexperienced in the ways of screen drama. In brief, it's pretty poor.

Here's one more chance to see a variation of the stock audible plot of 1929.

★ ★ THE SHANGHAI LADY

As a John Colton stage play, called Drifting, this was a drama of a bad girl and a bad man—and their reformation. As produced by Universal, it remains undiluted.

Escaping a band of Chinese bandits, two chance companions in a train compartment are brought face to face with death. He is a fugitive from justice, she has been ousted from the worst den in all Shanghai. Each one tries to live up to fancied illusions of the other. You see, she thinks him a gentleman, and he thinks her a

June Collyer as the doctor's delight, in The Love Doctor. Richard Dix is the medico.

Wheeler Oakman (pointing) and James Murray (on the steps) in The Shanghai Lady. Below: Mary Nolan as she appears in the leading rôle of the same film.

lady. Out of this comes redemption. At least, that's the plot.

Mary Nolan plays Carrie of the Seven Seas, done originally on the stage by Alice Brady. She stridently overdoes the rôle and yet she manages to be the sole interest in the picture. James Murray is colorless as the escaped prisoner.

John Robertson, who directed, is worthy of better stories.

★ ★ THE LOVE DOCTOR

This, too, was once a stage play. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes wrote it as The Boomerang.

A young doctor with more hopes than practice is asked to prescribe for a lovesick young fellow. One of his remedies is a beautiful nurse. Then the physician succumbs to the same ailment himself, due to his own charming prescription.

The Love Doctor has an old-fashioned farce flavor, striving rather hard for comic moments. Richard Dix, the star, lifts it over the dull stretches with his engaging personality. June Collyer is the nurse.

This is Dix's last Paramount film—and an agreeable light comedy.

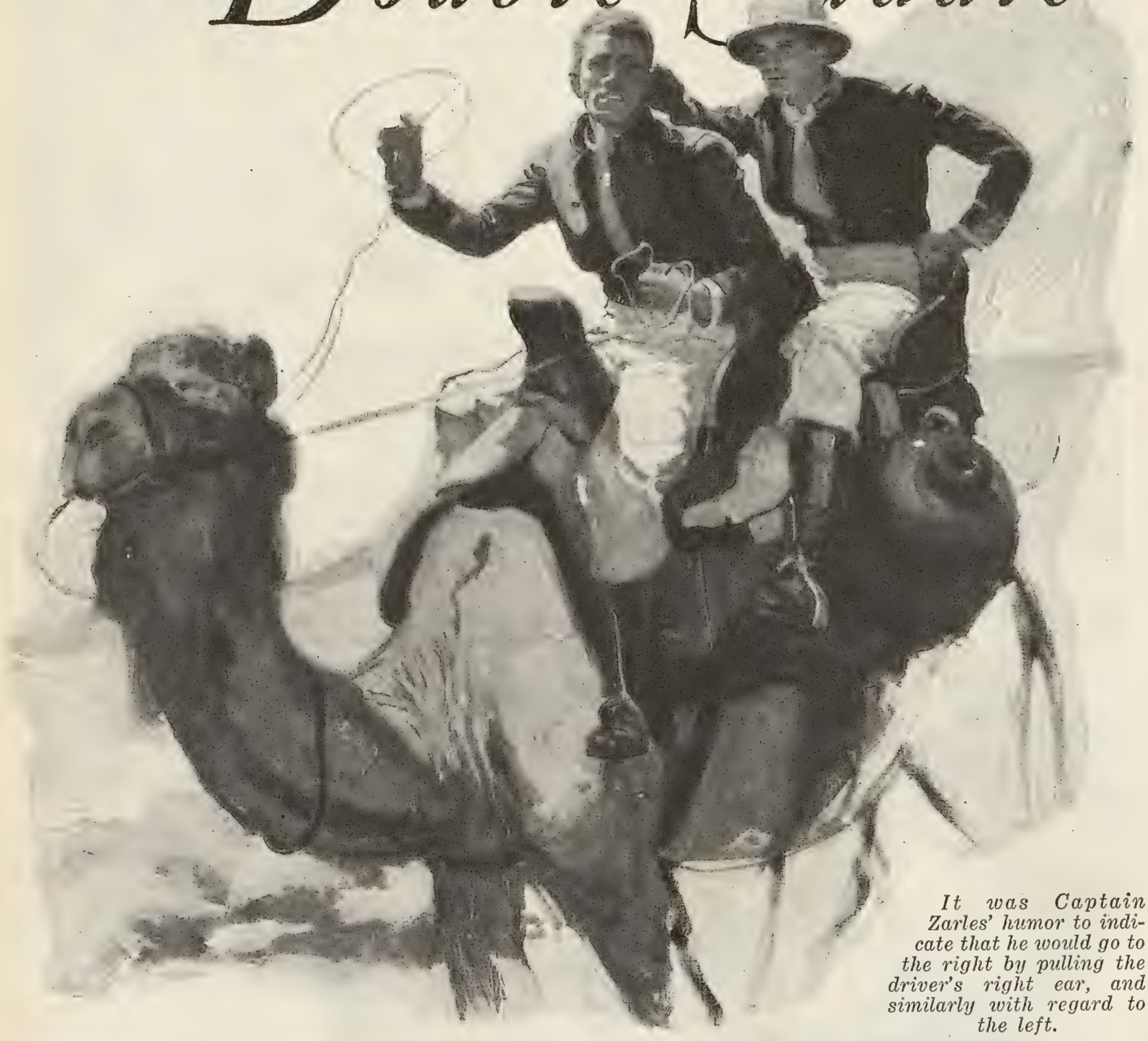
Things You May Not Know

Two stars hit fame in the same rôle. Norma Talmadge was the girl in the tumbrel in Vitagraph's production of A Tale of Two Cities, starring Maurice Costello. Years later Florence Vidor made her first hit in exactly the same part with William Farnum in William Fox's version of the Dickens novel.

Do you know that—

Marion Nixon is to be starred by the Warners in Sweet Kitty Bellairs, once filmed by Mae Murray? . . . William Powell is to do Philo Vance again, this time in the Van Dine mystery, The Benson Murder Case? . . . Columbia Pictures is to film Edward Doherty's Liberty serial, The Murders on the Roof? . . . Dead Pan Buster Keaton actually will sing in his first talkie, On the Set?

The Double Saddle



It was Captain Zarles' humor to indicate that he would go to the right by pulling the driver's right ear, and similarly with regard to the left.

The Story of a Soldier's Revenge

By P. C. WREN

the famous author of Beau Geste and the later Beaus. He got much of the material for this story while serving with the French Foreign Legion. He also saw much service under his own flag—he is an Englishman—and has the rank of major.

Pictures by RICO TOMASO

CAPTAIN ZARLES of the Foreign Legion was undeniably a very fine soldier, an admirable regimental officer, but not a gentleman.

He lived for his work and nothing else interested him greatly. Women, a little; wine and absinthe, a little; practical cruelty, a little. At the moment, the camel question occupied his keen and active mind, almost to the exclusion of his present form of relaxation, the baiting of his wife and of *le légionnaire le ci-devant* Vicomte Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel.

Something, he felt, could be done to improve the already high efficiency of the various *pelotons* of the Camel Corps, those splendid hardy *meharists* who go out on desert patrol for months on end.

And his great idea in this connection was the invention and introduction of a new and improved camel saddle, a saddle with two seats, in short.

Why, the Zarles saddle would mark an absolutely enormous step in the progress of the equipment of the Nineteenth Army Corps, the army of Africa. Where one hundred men arrived today, two hundred men would arrive tomorrow—seated on the Zarles saddles—and at no greater cost in camels and the feeding and watering of camels.

That it could be done Captain Zarles was certain, for he had visited India on his way home from a tour of duty in French Indo-China, and had seen two men riding in comfort on one camel. He had at once made personal experiments, and in one day had ridden seventy miles across sand and stone, carrying a gun across his thighs, behind a sturdy camel man who drove the beast by means of rope reins fastened to its nostrils. And the camel had also carried the camp kit of Captain Zarles, and had

finished the journey without the slightest signs of fatigue.

The zealous officer had made a careful sketch of the two-seated contraption. . . .

And, this bright and shining morn, Captain Zarles stood eyeing the bony wooden frame of a Tuareg saddle with its high-crutched pommel and narrow back-board crupper, comparing it unfavorably with the type represented by the sketch in his notebook.

Captain Zarles would have a two-seated saddle frame constructed at once, and he would himself experiment therewith. Yes, and this dog Monsieur le Vicomte Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel should be his camel man, his *oont-wallah,* as they called the man in the Indian deserts. Quite a promotion for *ce bon sacré chien d'un vicomte* to be groom to a camel.

II

AS some students of history are aware, there was a Valmond de la Roche St. Michel with Roland at Roncesvalles, and there have, of course, been Valmonds de la Roche St. Michel in the entourages of most of the kings and queens of France.

The Valmond de la Roche St. Michel of the French Revolution weathered the storm, thanks partly to his courage, ability, and stoutness of heart, and partly to his and his family's great popularity throughout the countryside.

But the reduced and declining family received further blows during the troublous Napoleonic times—and paid a heavy price for its haughty aristocracy and unbending royalism.

By the time the Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel of this story was born, his father was a country gentleman of modest means, with little left to him of his family possessions but its pride, traditions, and dilapidated château.

Thus it was that the latest, and indeed the last, of the Valmonds learned at an early age that he must take his profession seriously, though among the many things that he disliked, work of all kinds was prominent.

Within the shadow of the château, at the foot of the hill that it crowned and adorned, crouched humbly the village of St. Michel, and in the village dwelt Monsieur Farge, butcher, a politically-minded man, gross, violent, and of most subversive views. With him dwelt, more or less in amity, Madame Farge, the female of the species, a scheming and evil woman, more dangerous than her noisier lord. And beneath their roof, when not elsewhere, sojourned their really beautiful daughter Angelique, in whom mingled and flourished the distinctive virtues of her parents.

At the sign of the Coque d'Or she exercised and exploited her charm, and charms, and did that very ancient hostelry much good—financially speaking, that is to say. Men fought about her, women talked about her, and Madame Farge, to whose side she more or less nightly returned, thought about her; long, long thoughts that somehow ended in a château—in fact, the Château de la Roche St. Michel. On their way thither these fond maternal thoughts halted and hovered about the head of one Etienne Zarles and, as they did so, madame might be heard to curse and, indeed, seen to spit.

For *ce sale cochon d'un* Etienne Zarles dared to raise his sheep's eyes, his eyes of a hairless green goat, to La Belle Angelique!

And the hell of it was, madame freely admitted, that the fool girl was by way of catching the eye that was raised—the bold buccaneering, come-hither eye of this rollicking rascal, this village *vaurien.*

The subject being raised in family council, Angelique concurred. Certainly, *ce bon* Etienne Zarles was a fine figure of a man. But Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel was a fine figure of a Bank Balance. And undoubtedly he was aware of Mademoiselle Angelique Farge.

"Nibbling, eh?" grunted the butcher.

"*Il en est bien épris,*" stated Madame Farge.

"With the most dishonorable intentions," blushed mademoiselle modestly. "Monsieur le Vicomte comes into the Coque d'Or almost nightly. . . . Not a reticent or shy young gentleman, that one. . . . He says just what he thinks—just what he likes. . . . And I am what he likes—for the moment," added Angelique.

The subject being raised in family council, Angelique concurred. Michel Valmond was a fine figure of a Bank Balance.

III

WHEN Lieutenant le Vicomte Valmond de la Roche St. Michel of the Forty-sixth Infantry of the Line came home on furlough and married Angelique Farge, it was a great and terrible surprise to the dwellers on the hill, but to the dwellers of the plain it was not unexpected.

It would, they had said all along, take something much more like a man than Monsieur le Vicomte to defeat or evade Monsieur and Madame Farge when betrayed into their hands by their little daughter Angelique.

Monsieur le Vicomte never forgot his treatment by the butcher Farge on the night when he was trapped by that forceful ruffian and his wife; and for the rest of his days he detested his papa-in-law nearly as much as he did the presumptuously insolent young scoundrel, Private Etienne Zarles of the Forty-sixth Infantry of the Line, who had dared to be his rival for the favors of this Angelique, his madly-loved and bitterly-hated wife; this vixen who could raise him up to heaven and dash him down to hell; and who could and did make his life a garden of bliss and a desert of jealous torment.

Private Etienne Zarles! That one should learn something. And to the best of his rather limited ability, Monsieur le Vicomte taught Etienne Zarles something. For Lieutenant le Vicomte Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel had the, for him, bright idea of making Etienne Zarles his *ordonnance,* and promoted him to be his soldier-valet, body servant, butler, and general factotum.

It gave the good vicomte very genuine pleasure to say, "Fill madame's glass, Zarles," and to note carefully whether the hand of Private Etienne Zarles trembled as he did so. And to address him as oaf, lout, clod, bumpkin, or fish-faced, flat-footed fool.

Or to bid him stand farther away from madame—as apparently neither his leisure time was equal to his need for ablutions, nor his income to the purchase of perfume—and to watch the dull flush overspread the sullen countenance of the young man.

The vicomte exercised much ingenuity in contriving that Etienne Zarles should see a great deal of madame—in her husband's presence—and that he should appear at the very greatest disadvantage.

And Madame la Vicomtesse? Madame accepted the situation, and everything else that madame could get, including the whole of her husband's income. . . .

After a brief and passionate honeymoon trouble had begun quite early.

"Your idea of existence is to spend all day, and to gamble all night," Monsieur le Vicomte said cuttingly.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

It gave the captain genuine pleasure to say, "Fill madame's glass, Valmond," and to note whether the hand of le légionnaire trembled as he did so.

[THE DOUBLE SADDLE
Continued from page twenty-nine]

To which she had replied, with equal truth:

"The shops are shut at night, my cabbage."

When he would groan, "You have ruined me," she would reply:

"Not yet, quite, my little one. Be patient."

And the kindest thing that Angelique ever did for her husband was to leave him, having faithfully kept her promise that she would never desert him while he had a franc.

Lieutenant le Vicomte Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel, instead of returning thanks to heaven for his good fortune, raved like a maniac, and threatened murder and suicide.

It was Private Etienne Zarles, just returned from furlough at St. Michel, who was to be murdered, and that forthwith, unless he instantly confessed his share in the shameful business of madame's flight, presumably to St. Michel. And it was Etienne Zarles who neatly recorded the general estimate of madame's character by shrugging his shoulders and mentioning that his income from all sources amounted to about sixpence a day.

So the murder of Etienne Zarles was postponed, and a violent slap on each cheek substituted. The suicide of Monsieur le Vicomte was also postponed, and a deeper plunge into even wilder dissipation substituted for that. But dissipation of the kind enjoyed by such gentlemen of rank and fashion is apt to be expensive, and a week of it cost a sum greater than the income of the vicomte for a year.

After the manner of his kind, the lieutenant turned first to the gentlemen who lend money, then to the green tables which sometimes return it, then to the horses that run quickly, though sometimes not quickly enough, and finally to various regimental funds that were in his trust.

And, still after the manner of his kind, he came the early and inevitable cropper, and in ruin and disgrace fled to escape prosecution.

IV

PRIVATE ETIENNE ZARLES, returning to regimental duty from the misery of his experience in domestic ménage, found himself before long a corporal, then a sergeant. For he was a born soldier.

As such he not unnaturally longed to see active service, and as there was apparently no hope of his doing this as a sergeant of the Forty-sixth Regiment of the Line, he showed the mettle of his pastures by deserting from his regiment and enlisting, as a Belgian without papers, at a far-distant recruiting depot of the Foreign Legion.

In the Foreign Legion Etienne Zarles distinguished

himself as a steady, keen, and competent soldier, and none so skillful as he at the legitimate kind of "creeping," the propitiation of superiors, and the avoidance of every kind of offense.

Le légionnaire Etienne Zarles became Corporal Zarles in less than due course; Corporal Zarles was promoted to sergeant for courage in action; Sergeant Zarles was promoted to sergeant major for defense of an outpost after the death of his officer, and *l'Adjudant* Zarles was sent to the Military College of St. Maixent to be trained to fitness for commissioned rank. . . .

It was during a furlough spent at St. Michel that Captain Etienne Zarles of the Foreign Legion again met Angelique, *née* Farge. The captain, more of a fine figure of a man than ever, took the high hand.

He also took, within a week, the hand of Angelique, more than a little weary of life in the minor key and the village of St. Michel.

Nor had Monsieur and Madame Farge any objection to make to their daughter's alliance *en secondes noces* with *Monsieur le Capitaine.*

Not that it would have interested Captain Etienne Zarles if they had.

THE happy couple spoke quite frequently and freely of the bride's first husband, and when, on one occasion, Madame Angelique Zarles remarked, "I suppose that account of his death in the paper was true," her Etienne cryptically replied:

"It'll soon be true enough, if it turns out not to be true."

"You mean, my darling," replied Angelique, "that if it ever turned out that he was still alive, you would—er—"

"Precisely, thou crystal dewdrop. I would," her Etienne assured her. . . .

Madame Zarles was far from unpopular with the officers of the battalion, for she was a beautiful and extremely lively young woman, and beautiful and lively young women are all too rare in those places where units of the legion are stationed.

It could not be said that she was exactly popular with the wives of the married officers, but then, beautiful and lively young women of the type of Angelique Zarles rarely are.

The colonel was a great admirer of madame—her professed cavalier.

Major Meurice, albeit a married man, made no secret of his conviction that the colonel would be better employed in looking after the affairs of the regiment; and no less than four captains, who agreed on no other point, agreed that Major Meurice was an old fool, whose wife should beat him more often than she did.

It is therefore, perhaps, unnecessary to affirm that life was distinctly thrilling for La Belle Angelique, and that she trod with delight a mazy primrose path of dalliance, a path on which no danger lurked save that of the wrath of Captain Zarles.

However, that was quite danger enough, for Angelique, by this time, would have been the last to contradict her husband when he remarked that he treated 'em rough.

Should it ever occur, and *le bon Dieu* forbid, that Captain Zarles came unexpectedly round the corner at one of the sudden turns on Angelique's mazy primrose path of dalliance, there would be no heroics and highfalutin; no talk of broken hearts or broken vows; no threats of divorce nor any of the usual reactions of lesser men.

Not a bit of it.

Just a dog whip—bless him—and about the biggest thrashing that ever a man bestowed upon a woman. As for the "shadowy third," he would be a shadow indeed by the time her Etienne had done with him—a shadow on the banks of the Styx.

Life was truly thrilling, and there was really no need for the final and crowning thrill which Etienne produced one morning after inspection of a new draft just arrived from Sidi-bel-Abbes, and posted to his company.

"I'm making a small domestic change, thou daughter of all delights and mother of none," he growled as he flung belts and sword, kepi and gloves on to the sofa of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"The Boss?

. . there, with th' pipe"

MEN at the top are apt to be pipe-smokers. Ever noticed? It's no mere coincidence—

Pipe-smoking is a calm and deliberate habit—restful, stimulating. His pipe helps a man think straight. A pipe is back of most big ideas.

Prove it. Fill the bowl of a good briar—with Edgeworth, if you please. Watch the tobacco swell as it gets down to business. Relish that rich fragrance even non-smokers like. That's TOBACCO as it was *made* to be smoked—the choicest qualities, the finest blends, *reserved* for pipes!

Let us in on it. We'll treat—with a generous little glad-to-meet-you packet of good old Edgeworth, free. Name on the coupon, an envelope, a stamp and a mail box . . . we'll do the rest.

EDGEWORTH

Handy Pocket Package 15¢

GIVE HIM EDGEWORTH and a pipe for Christmas—see what a welcome *they* get! If your dealer can't supply Edgeworth gift cartons, we can. Send us your cards and we'll mail the Edgeworth to your Christmas list—$1.65 a pound in glass jar, $1.50 in tin humidor, 75 cents a half pound.

B-2

Larus & Bro. Co.
100 S. 22nd St.
Richmond, Va.

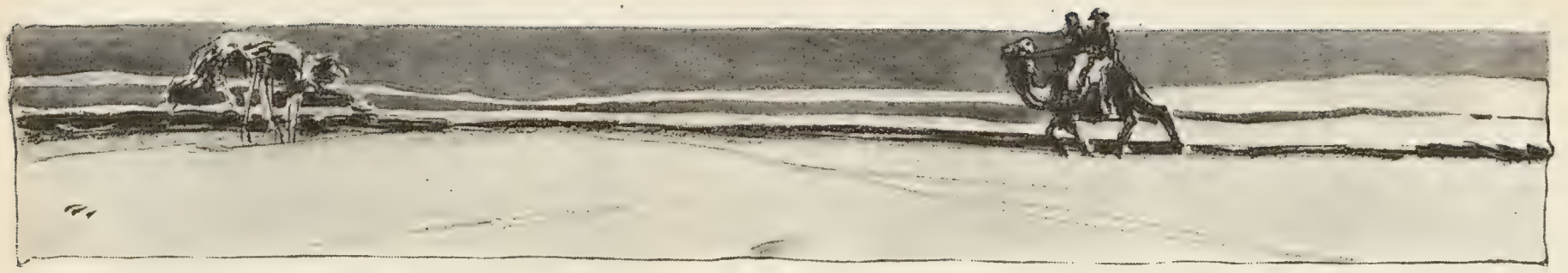
I'll try your Edgeworth.
And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

My name_____

My street address_____

And the town and state_____

NOW LET THE EDGEWORTH COME!



On the return journey from a desert expedition the driver might have slept without fear, for the camel would go straight to the place where food and rest awaited.

[THE DOUBLE SADDLE
Continued from page thirty-one]

their tiny room. "A new servant, a new male housemaid, parlor maid, lady's maid."

"How truly interesting," sneered madame.

"I positively think you'll find it so, *ma gosse*," grinned her lord malevolently.

Nor did madame contradict, for a terrible idea struck her dumb. . . .

Clad in the ill-fitting fatigue uniform of a private soldier of the legion, her first, and indeed her only husband, Monsieur le Vicomte Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel entered the room, and, kneeling, removed her husband's dusty boots.

"The new servant, my dear," smiled Captain Zarles. "A clumsy lout, I fear. Something of an oaf, a lump, a clod, a bumpkin. . . . Indeed, as you see, rather what one might call a fish-faced, flat-footed fool—but willing, very willing, and I'm sure he'll do his best to give satisfaction. . . .

"And if he doesn't, we won't return him to store, we'll train him, my dear, *train* him, eh?"

AND Etienne Zarles proceeded to train Michel Valmond very much in the way in which Michel Valmond had trained Etienne Zarles.

And he "treated him rough," very much more roughly, if less skillfully, than he had himself been treated.

It gave the good captain very genuine pleasure to say, "Fill madame's glass, Valmond," and to note carefully whether the hand of *le légionnaire* Michel Valmond trembled as he did so; and address him as "clumsy oaf," "wretched lout," "miserable clod," or indeed as "escaped jailbird." Nor did he forget to bid the *sale cochon* stand farther away from madame as he waited at table, inasmuch as that high-bred lady was of delicate olfactory perception.

And sometimes the high-bred lady was not of overdelicate oral performance when Captain Zarles baited the husband and wife together, as was sometimes his humor, for he was not the man to forgive slights, insults, and injuries, nor to forget that Angelique Farge had been content enough with himself and his genuine, if rough and passionate, love, before Monsieur le Vicomte Valmond de la Roche St. Michel came upon the scene. So life became yet more piquant and thrilling to La Belle Angelique, now that her husband was her domestic servant, and her bigamous spouse their sardonic watchful tyrant.

Oh! la! la! What with a husband, a proprietor, a brace of lovers, and a dozen aspirants, what was a girl to do?

Oh, these soldiers, the dear things—senior ranks, professional lovers; juniors, enthusiastic amateurs.

Not being a maiden all unwary—though fresh from a lady's seminary (of a kind) when she married Captain Zarles—La Belle Angelique contrived to play with fire without getting burned—or beaten—though the pastime rendered life almost too exciting.

One of the most intriguing aspects of her complicated life was the behavior of her lawful husband and housemaid, *le légionnaire* Michel Valmond.

She had known him—better, probably, than anybody, including his own mother—as a haughty, arrogant, and willful young man; passionate, dissipated, and spoiled; proud, sensitive, and weak. She beheld him now as the model soldier-servant, and also a human automaton, insensitive, devoid of pride and self-respect, invulnerable to insult, incapable of resenting anything, from a slight to a blow.

And yet, was there something about him of the air of one who waits with inexhaustible patience, one who bides his time with colossal self-control?

La Belle Angelique had naturally never read or heard of that modest gentleman who proclaimed that his head, though bloody, was unbowed, and that he was captain of his soul.

Had she done so, it was conceivable that her husband *le légionnaire* Michel Valmond might have reminded her of this indomitable man.

For it could not be said that, while treating him rough, and, indeed, very rough, Captain Zarles got what is colloquially termed "much change" out of his victim.

His hand did not shake as he poured the wine for madame. His face did not flush with rage or shame when humiliations were heaped upon him in her presence. The bitterest and most savage insult called forth no answering frown, no sudden gleam or flash of undisciplined eye.

No, it had to be admitted that the man bore the terrible and indeed unparelleled situation in which he found himself with an astounding stoicism.

"Mon Dieu," decided madame, "but that one has been through it! . . . Prison, I suppose. . . . Possibly the dry guillotine. . . . Poor devil!"

And with unexpected insight or intuition she added: "Too proud to show a sign of pride. . . ."

When, partly in pity, partly in curiosity, and largely because it was her nature to, La Belle Angelique, laying aside her rôle of madame, attempted to adopt that of mistress, it quickly transpired that the sinner had become a saint, and far more resembled St. Joseph than the St. Michel she had known.

And to add to the slighted lady's savage wrath, her husband, addressing her as Madame Potiphar, flatly refused to believe the tale she told him.

She was trying to insult *him*, Etienne Zarles, he said; and if she tried again, she would succeed—in getting a sound beating.

Oh! An incomprehensible delightful surprise packet who could keep a woman guessing, this dear Etienne. Not one of those useful fools a woman could twist round her little finger, bless him!

V

AS a camel driver and camel master, *le légionnaire* Michel Valmond gave complete satisfaction to Captain Zarles. It could not be said that he showed the least intelligent interest in the perfection of the Zarles two-seated military saddle, but he certainly took an interest in the welfare of the splendid mehari riding camel, and in mapping the desert routes, visible and invisible, within a hundred-mile radius of Zabat.

When brother officers occasionally asked Captain Zarles why he didn't have an Arab orderly to look after his camel and accompany him on his long rides, he would say that he preferred the companionship of a white man, and that this was a good lad whom he was training and whom he liked to have about him.

He sometimes mentioned that he knew the fellow's family at home, and had promised to keep an eye on him.

In point of fact, Captain Zarles never more enjoyed this

wonderful situation devised by fate than when he sat at his ease in the comfortable rear seat of the saddle, while this anointed dog of an aristocrat crouched in front of him and drove.

It was Captain Zarles' playful humor to indicate that he would fain go to the right by violently pulling the driver's right ear, and similarly with regard to the left. Should he desire an acceleration of pace, he would administer a painful prod with the muzzle of his automatic, and his favorite way of stopping the camel was to clutch its driver by the scruff of his neck, and to squeeze hard with powerful thumb and fingers.

Even Captain Zarles himself sometimes marveled at what this broken-down jailbird would bear without sign of remonstrance or resentment.

One of Captain Zarles' many boasts was that he could sleep while he marched. Many soldiers can do this—if a condition of mental blankness and lethargy amounting to inability to receive and record sense impressions can be called sleep--the eyes of the body open, those of the mind tight shut; a state of somnambulism, in fact.

Undoubtedly he could sleep on horseback, in brief snatches, actually closing the eyes; and, with feet well thrust home in shortened stirrups, knees wedged beneath holsters, and hands holding the saddle pommel as well as the reins, leaving the subconscious mind to maintain the balance of the unconscious body.

As for the comfortable padded seat of his camel saddle, deep and broad, with its high-cushioned back rest, Captain Zarles could sleep in that as though in his armchair at home. With feet in stirrups, arms folded, and nothing to do but just comfortably sit, and with nothing to look at but the back of *le légionnaire* Michel Valmond, the blue sky, and the yellow sand, it was indeed sometimes very difficult to keep awake.

Occasionally Captain Zarles even had a suspicion that the man in front of him was very much more than half asleep, as his body sagged slackly, leaning against the high padded peak of the front seat, swaying gently from side to side with the motion of the camel as it jogged steadily along at the ambling trot with which it covered eleven kilometers every hour.

On the return journey from a desert expedition the driver might well have slept without fear of consequences, for the camel would in any case go straight as a ruled line to the place where food and rest awaited it beneath the dusty trees of Captain Zarles' compound.

But *le légionnaire* Michel Valmond did not sleep.

Rather he watched and waited, watched and sought, and one day, seeking with untiring eye, found what he wanted. His master being apparently asleep, he, greatly daring, turned round and looked at him. His eyes confirming what his ears had heard, he then made a dangerous experiment, and for the first time in months, perhaps in years, he smiled.

VI

CAPTAIN ZARLES rose to his feet, brushed sand from his riding breeches, strode forth from the shadow of the palm beneath which he had lunched, and climbed into the rear seat of the saddle of his kneeling camel.

Having adjusted the captain's stirrups to his boots, *le légionnaire* Michel Valmond saluted, seized nose rein and stick, sprang into the front seat, brought the camel to its feet, and started it off on its forty-kilometer journey to Zabat.

Before very long certain rhythmical sounds indicated that Captain Zarles was exercising his boasted powers of sleeping in the saddle. Doubtless the outward journey begun before dawn, the labors of map making, a long and sporting stalk on foot, gun in hand, a late hilarious party overnight, and a bottle of pinard with his déjeuner of roll and meat had combined to give Captain Zarles that after-lunch feeling to an unwonted degree.

Monsieur le Vicomte Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel knew that his hour had come, and he straightened himself on the saddle, squared his shoulders, and once again smiled.

Also, he very gently and unobtrusively introduced to the notice of the admirable racing camel the long thin

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Like a *Ray of Sunshine*— on a Dark and Dreary Day!

EXCHANGE those A. M. shadows for sunbeams. Greet your better nature with a dash of Fougère Royale. Say "Goodbye" to blue, blue hangovers with the king of After-Shaving Lotions.

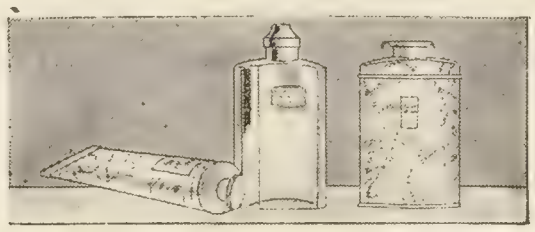
A few drops from this magic bottle do the trick—restore your youthful look—and outlook—in ten seconds. Whisk away those lines of fatigue. Put new life into sagging skin. Whip muscles into line. Tone up your complexion.

And it's styptic, too. Puts an end to bleeding and nicks. Gently repairs your razor's ravages like a family surgeon.

For perfect team work tie it up with Fougère Royale Shaving Cream—unsurpassed for purity—non-caustic, non-irritating—a rich source of balanced, bountiful lather.

When you've finished with these twins, reach for Fougère Royale Talc—the smoothest, most soothing powder on the market—in a new invisible tone—made especially for men.

Just mail the coupon below for generous free samples, mildly perfumed with that wholesome, outdoor fragrance Fougère Royale (Royal Fern).



Shaving Stick, 75c
Eau Vegetale, $1.25
Facial Soap, 50c
After-Shaving Lotion, 75c
Shaving Cream, 50c
Talcum, 50c

Fougère Royale
Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal
After-Shaving Lotion

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. H8
539 West 45th Street, New York
You may send me without charge, trial containers of Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State .....

[THE DOUBLE SADDLE
Continued from page thirty-three]

stick that he carried. Not, of course, by anything so violent and vulgar as a blow, but merely by holding it where the camel could see it, and occasionally swinging it forward as he rode.

The camel, who could take a hint, increased his pace imperceptibly, and did so each time the stick swung forward. Before long, without jolt or jerk or change of step, the beast was going at top speed and its driver was gently putting increasing pressure on its left rein. . . .

With a yell of alarm, Captain Zarles was suddenly hurled from his seat, flung from an ugly nightmare of uneasy sleep into a far more terrible nightmare of waking reality.

What in the name of God was this? What had happened? . . . He was on the ground. . . . There was no ground! . . . He was in water. . . . There was no water!

What—?

Captain Zarles struggled to rise and found no foothold. His legs, his whole body, his arms, were held as in a giant hand. Rather, a giant mouth was sucking him down and down, swallowing him alive.

Ceasing his wild struggle, he gazed for a moment at a writhing, heaving, seething mass of sand and water where the struggling camel fought against its dreadful death.

Turning his head, the only part of his body that he could now move, he glared wildly round—and encountered the mocking smile of Michel Valmond.

"Help! Help!" bawled Captain Zarles.

"There is no help," smiled Michel Valmond.

"I'm sinking! I'm sinking!" shrieked Zarles.

"You are indeed," replied Valmond. "And so am I. . . . We are both sinking. . . . You, being considerably the heavier, will sink first, and I shall have the ineffable pleasure of seeing you do so. . . . Now, pull yourself together, my good Zarles, and though you have not lived like a gentleman, try to die like one."

"Help me!" screamed Zarles.

"BUT, my good animal, I brought you here. I, rather neatly, if I may say so, placed you exactly where you are."

Zarles struggled violently and sank the deeper.

"Good," observed Valmond, who, motionless, his arms spread abroad with palms extended flat, was sinking imperceptibly.

"You will certainly die before I do."

"Help!" screamed Zarles again.

"And I thought you were such a very, very brave man, Zarles!" mused Valmond. "Come, come! If you can neither live nor die like a gentleman, die like a man at any rate. . . . Positively, the poor camel made a better showing. He didn't cry for help, and I deeply regret that the nobler beast had to be involved in your fate."

Again the agonized man turned his despairing eyes to the unanswering skies and screamed for help.

"Really, Zarles, what an infernal row! You deafen one. But it will not be for long. In a very few minutes there will be complete silence here, and all that will be left of the great and noisy Zarles will be a bubble. . . . Think of it! . . . The last sound, just the quiet bursting of a bubble! . . . The great Zarles' suitable epitaph—a bubble upon sand. . . .

"Yes, the bubble Zarles is about to burst.

"And I shall see it, Zarles. . . . It will be the last thing that I shall see, and I can think of no sight more agreeable. . . ."

The dying man threw back his head and shrieked again as the wet sand touched his chin.

"Help! Help!" he screamed.

"No good, my poor Zarles," observed Valmond. "If a wandering Arab heard you and came, he could do nothing except sit and gloat. . . . You wouldn't like that, would you? *You*, the relentless scourge of the Bad Bedou and the Treacherous Targui, to be seen and heard squealing like a stuck pig! That would never do, surely. . . ."

ZARLES, his eyes almost starting from his head, glared wildly at his terrible mocker.

"But I confess," continued the latter, "that I wish La Belle Angelique could be here. Her reaction to the situation would be very interesting. . . . What do you think it would be?"

Again Zarles with his remaining strength struggled feebly and bawled for help.

"Personally, I think she would laugh at us both," continued Valmond.

"Laugh heartily and say, '*Oh! La! La! Ce pauvre Etienne et ce pauvre Michel.*. In the soup together this time!' Yes, and if she had a rope and camel, to which of us would she throw that rope, Zarles? I wonder. To you, probably—"

"Yes! Yes!" shouted Zarles, who appeared to be insane with fear. "She will throw it to *me!*"

"I think she would," Valmond went on, "because you have a franc where I have a centime.

"But when we all three meet in that happy hell where there is no money," he added, "I somehow fancy things will be different, for the devil is a gentleman of ancient family and will understand a gentleman. And Angelique, another devil, will then prefer me—as she did before, my good Zarles, as she did before. . . ."

Zarles strove to speak, but only "the bubbling cry of some strong swimmer in his agony" resulted, as sand and water entered his mouth.

"G . . . g . . . r . . . r . . . r . . ." a terrible sound floated for a second above the hideous and sinister quiverings of the quicksand as the face of Etienne Zarles disappeared beneath its surface. A bubble formed and broke.

Monsieur le Vicomte Michel Valmond de la Roche St. Michel smiled.

THE END

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for

Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—*not merely stamps.*

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Answers to Twenty Questions on page 25

1—Georgia.
2—Acetic acid.
3—Admiral Robley D. Evans.
4—The Paris stock exchange.
5—Water.
6—India rubber.
7—Wife of Louis XVI of France.
8—The amount of heat required to raise the temperature of one gram of water one degree centigrade.
9—While I breathe I hope.
10—Sixty-four.
11—A figure of speech in which the expression is an evident exaggeration.
12—A geographical dictionary; also a writer of news.
13—The shrewish wife of Socrates.
14—The first five books of the Bible.
15—A Confederate military prison during the Civil War, situated in Richmond, Virginia.
16—Interest in excess of a legal rate.
17—A body of ecclesiastical rulers.
18—Correct spelling; also mode of spelling.
19—La Paz.
20—One born after the death of his father.

Taken for A RIDE

A Short Short Story

By

WILLIAM C. FORD

who, when asked to tell about himself, wrote: "I would be glad if you would just put it this way: 'By William C. Ford, who practises law in the city of Lawrence, Massachusetts.'"

Picture by O. F. SCHMIDT

The man who got into the front seat covered him with the gun.

JENNINGS was being taken for a ride. A man sat beside him on the front seat of his car with a gun pressed against his ribs. The gun was in the man's pocket, and was held in his left hand.

Jennings didn't feel that he had ever done any harm to anybody. True, he was a bootlegger, but he was only a little one, and he tried not to sell any poison stuff.

Still, he had trespassed on the territory of one of the big fellows, and so, when he stopped at the red traffic signal, two men had stepped into his car. The man who got into the front seat covered him with the gun. The other gave directions.

"The Boss wants to see you," he said. "Drive to Brookville."

"All right, boys," Jennings had answered. "I'll make it right with him."

But he knew he was going for a ride, and his captors knew he knew.

Jennings speeded up with the gun at his ribs. Once he turned to the man at his right.

"Say, friend," he ventured, "can't this be fixed up?"

"Shut up," said the man.

Jennings took one hand from the wheel and put it cupped to his ear.

"Speak a little louder," he said. "I got some trouble lately with my ears. I can't hear you very well. I said can't this be fixed up some way? I ain't a bad guy."

"Shut up!" said the man considerably louder. "We ain't got nothing to say." And Jennings shut up.

Presently they approached a fork in the road. About a hundred yards from it, Jennings said:

"You want me to take the upper or the lower road?"

The man on his right turned to his companion on the rear seat.

"Which road?" he muttered.

"Upper," said his companion. "Take the upper road," said the man on Jennings' right.

"All right," said Jennings, and turned to the left.

"Hey!" yelled the man in back. "I said the upper road."

"What the hell'd you turn left for?" cried the man in the front seat. "I told you *upper!*"

Jennings slowed down. "Oh!" he said. "I didn't hear you right. Want me to turn back?"

"No," grumbled the man on the back seat. "They're both lonesome." He spoke low. He figured Jennings could not hear. "Go ahead!" he shouted. Jennings went ahead.

About a mile farther on the man on Jennings' right pushed the gun a little harder into his ribs.

"Stop here a minute," he said.

Jennings slowed down; came to a stop. It was a lonely spot. No cars were coming in either direction.

"Get out," said the man.

Jennings started to obey. Then a voice came from the bushes at the side of the road.

"Move on to the inspectors," it said.

A man was standing there with a long blue revolver in his hand. He motioned forward. In front two men were spreading a printed banner across the road. In the gleam of the headlights the words stood out large and plain. They read: "Stop! United States Officers."

"The Feds!" said the man on Jennings' right.

"Hell!" said the man on the back seat.

Jennings drove the car up to the sign. All concerned knew they were covered by machine guns. Jennings stopped. The men came up.

"Got any liquor in this car?" one of them said.

"No," said Jennings.

"Get out," said the officer. "We'll look it over. That one of the number plates you got on your list, Bill?"

"Yes," said Bill.

"Stand over there," said the Federal officer in charge. "Look it over, boys."

The inspectors found twenty four-gallon tins of alcohol under the back seat. The officers walked up to the three men with drawn guns.

"Line up, and put 'em up!" they said.

Jennings and his two captors complied.

"Search them," ordered the officer. "Any booze?"

"No, but guns on two of them," said an inspector.

"All right," said the officer. "Put 'em under arrest."

Handcuffs clicked. The ferret-eyed inspector who put the handcuffs on to Jennings had a few words with him. He spoke low, but Jennings seemed to have no difficulty in hearing him.

"Say," said the inspector. "This is all off. I told you to keep off the lower road tonight. Didn't I tell you if we got you we'd have to go through? Didn't I tell you we'd be on the lower road? What's the use in doing business with a dumb-bell like you? What you paid sticks, see? You got your tip. I did my part. Gee, I thought I was doing you a favor." He snapped on the handcuffs.

"You did," said Jennings.

THE END

COTY

LUXURIOUS GIFTS IN SMART NEW VERSIONS OF THE MODERN COLOUR VOGUE. NEW PRESENTATIONS—EACH A CHIC ENSEMBLE OF EXQUISITE UNITS.

L'Aimant Coffret
Covered with Blue Galuchat
Paper, lined with Blue Velvet.
Contents
Cut Crystal Bottle of Essence
Fancy Bottle of Eau de Toilette
Double Compacte (Gold-toned)
$10.00

About Two or Four-Ounce
Cut Crystal Flacons
In Coloured Leather Cases.
The favourite Coty odeurs.
Green, Red, Blue or Beige Case
harmonizing with fragrance.
2 oz. $7.50 4 oz. $15.00

COTY
714 *Fifth Avenue, New York*
RUE DE LA PAIX — PARIS

ined Coffret
th Blue or Gray
aper. In Popular
y odeurs
ontents
ottle of Essence
ound Compacte
$3.50

One-Ounce Flacons
in Coloured Galuchat Boxes
The popular Coty odeurs.
Green, Red, Blue or Gray Box
harmonizing with fragrance
$3.75

All Platinum-toned Coffret
Covered with Blue or Gray
Galuchat Paper, lined with
Velvet in same tone
In Popular Coty odeurs
Contents
"Purse Size" Essence in
Metal Case
Square Single Compacte
Olympic Lipstick
$5.00

urse Size"
Cases—
ty odeurs.
le Finish
e Gray Case
fragrance.

ase . $1.50
. . $5.00

A typical scene in the city room of a metropolitan newspaper.

What Is Beauty in NEWS?

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

whose many years as a reporter and editor on various Chicago and New York papers qualify him to answer the question What Is Beauty? from the standpoint of the chronicler of news. Recent issues of Liberty have contained answers to the same question by a movie producer, a novelist, a dress designer, and an architect.

PERHAPS I am getting old and grouchy and intolerant, but I do believe the newspapers of today aren't black and white; they are drab and gray. They don't have the stuff they used to have. There's no kick in them. At least, there isn't as much kick as there used to be.

Is it the hardening of my arteries that makes me think so? Is it the fact that I shelved the racket some years ago? Or is the darn thing true?

I can remember times when I got violent headaches just waiting for the papers to come out. Now my headaches postpone themselves until the papers have arrived.

When I was a reporter in Chicago you couldn't pick up a paper without finding one or two smashing good stories on the front page—little stories or big, stories of murder or suicide or scandal or fires or police-court cases—and glittering gems on all the other pages. Even politics was interesting—when Arthur Evans wrote it.

It was seldom a news story was signed in those days; but all the news hounds in the Loop could make a pretty good guess as to who had written what. Editors were quite jealous of the sanctity of the "by line." John X. Smith had to write a workmanlike piece before the editor allowed him to sign it, By John X. Smith.

Nowadays a by line means nothing on most metropolitan papers, though there are some sheets that still regard it as the reporter's Croix de Guerre. On the majority of rags a reporter phones in a yarn, lets the rewrite man write it, and reads his name above it when he reads the story—if he reads it. What's the use of trying for a reward of merit when an editor scatters them around so promiscuously? Even the office boy gets a by line now and then.

The newspapers have become standardized so far as the writing of news is concerned. Stories are no longer written to entertain the reader, or to tell the news in a graphic or interesting way. They are ground out by tired rewrite men to fill space—"to represent." They follow formulæ. Individuality is damned—except on the sports pages. There are still writers on the papers, but they write sports. They write well because they are paid well. They are paid well because they are specialists, individualists.

Sometimes when an editor gets disgusted with his own sheet, or wants to have one particular story well told, he asks the sporting editor to lend him a man. Damon Runyon, boss sports writer of the Hearst papers, has written some of the best news stories ever printed. And

there are other sports writers who—well, if you read on you'll have a chance to look them over.

But news stories! You can travel across the continent, buying a paper at every station, and you'll find the stuff in the New York Times written in the same style as the local news in the Omaha Bee or the San Francisco Chronicle or the Kansas City Star.

A girl kills herself in a big city. The rewrite man gets the details over the phone and bats out something like this:

"Feeling that life was no longer worth while, Tillie Hopscotch, 18, 1333 Narragander Avenue, last night shot herself with a 32-caliber Smith and Wesson revolver, and died almost instantly, according to the police of the Forty-seventh Street Station."

The fellow at the rewrite machine across the street, in a burst of versatility, dopes it this way:

"Writing a series of notes to her friends to tell them that in her opinion, according to police, life was no longer worth a gingersnap, Miss Billie Snapshot last night in her home at 2313 Marragander Avenue," etc., etc.

I ask you—must even routine news be written like that?

I don't know why they write that way. They didn't when I was getting my growth. Perhaps the rule-bound news agencies are to blame. A cub reads the A. P. dispatches and imitates them, having no better guide—and if you don't believe reporters ape other reporters you don't know them.

Perhaps the schools of journalism are responsible, teaching the tender minds just how to write a story. Nobody in the world ever learns how to write. Either you are a writer or you're not. The only thing you can learn is how not to write.

Perhaps it is the fault of the present crop of editors who will not have any originality in the news columns. I know several editors who will kill any yarn that doesn't conform to their ideas. And such ideas! Many of them do not care to have their young men begin a story with the word "the." Hence that silly lead you read so often: "Police, last night, were called to the home of Izzy Human."

Perhaps—no, probably—probably it is because men of writing talent are no longer attracted to the life and the pay of the news writer. Especially the pay. Anyone who can write a beautiful news story may command $100 a week in the big burgs, if he's lucky. And if he can make that much on a newspaper, he can make a lot more on a magazine, in an advertising agency, in the scenario department, even on a trade paper. This despite the fact that a good, paying newspaper makes millions of dollars every year.

IN the days I rave of, a good writer could make anywhere from $25 to $40 a week. There was incredulous awe in the Press Club when it was learned that Jack Lawson got $55 a week from the Chicago Tribune and Wallace Smith $60 from the Chicago American. When Ring Lardner left the Chicago Examiner to take over the sports column of Hugh E. Keough on the Trib at $125 a week there were few who would believe it.

When I was city editor of the New York American—I am one of several thousand ex-city editors of that paper—I hired John Stuart from the Sun for $200 a week, making him one of the only two reporters ever to receive such a sum. But at the same time I had men working for nothing. True, they were cubs trying to get a regular place on the pay roll—but there were experienced reporters on the pay roll who received no more than $30 a week.

Some of the men and women on the staff who could write are still there, but only a few of them. The others

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Publicly washing his hands, Pontius Pilate, governor of Judea, yesterday morning, after offering an excited mob of men and women the release of a prisoner known as Barabbas, according to police, condemned an innocent man to death on the cross.

Christ before Pilate, from the painting by Munkácsy. "The story of the world's worst crime is the most beautiful story ever written. I shudder to think how some of our present-day newspapers would handle it."

[WHAT IS BEAUTY IN NEWS? Continued from page thirty-nine]

are playwrights, novelists, short-story writers, magazine staff writers, and scenario hounds. Those who stayed, stayed because they'd rather write news than fiction or articles. Those who left, left to make money.

There isn't any branch of the writing racket—highbrows will please excuse my calling it a racket—that is so fascinating as the writing of news. There is no thrill comparable to the writing of a great news story. There is no pride like the pride of having written the best story in the paper.

What do I mean by a beautiful story? you ask—you who never have worked for a newspaper. What beauty does a newspaper man see in a murder, in a lurid divorce, in an outrageous crime?

The average editor will tell you, confidentially, that a beautiful story is one you can doll up with a swell big headline and let it sell a hundred thousand extras.

He's right in a way, but that isn't the answer.

Another editorial wizard will tell you a beautiful story is the one about the dog barking and saving his little master from burning to death. That's bunk. Most stories of this kind are absolute fakes.

What do *you* mean by a beautiful story?

I don't know what your answer is, of course. But I have no doubt you've read the story of the Crucifixion. That is the story of the world's worst crime. Yet it is the most beautiful story ever written. I shudder to think how some of our present-day newspapers would handle it. Perhaps something like this:

"Publicly washing his hands, Pontius Pilate, governor of Judea, yesterday morning, after offering an excited mob of men and women the release of a prisoner known as Barabbas, according to police, condemned an innocent man to death on the cross."

If the story had been written thus, would it have come down through the centuries with its power to comfort and inspire still unimpaired? Would millions and millions of people still read it and love it? Would it be remembered more than a day?

A BEAUTIFUL story, to my mind, is a human story. The average murder story, to me, is essentially beautiful, because it is essentially human. It's exciting. It's dramatic. And drama and excitement are beautiful.

You may think me a little queer when I say that murder is beautiful—but don't take the idea too literally. There's nothing beautiful about the deed itself. But take the story—with all its details—and you have something that is beautiful.

It may be the beauty of the storm, the beauty of the snake, the beauty of perfect ugliness. Some of the ugliest of stories have been filled with beauty.

A news story essentially beautiful may be made ugly and sordid and common in the telling. An ugly story can be lifted out of the gutter and made beautiful and clean.

Newspaper writing, if it could be made to pay as well as fiction, would produce geniuses. It would become a profession. It would attract the best minds. But—do editors want that? They do not.

It takes an artist to recognize the beauty in a story, and to write the facts—and only the facts—so that all who read may see that beauty. And the artists—the great majority of them—are in the sports department, where the money is.

The story of the crime of Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold—the story, not the crime—was one of the most beautiful that ever graced the pages of any newspaper. This despite the fact that the slayers were called "fiends" and "thrill killers."

Leopold and Loeb murdered Bobby Franks for $10,000 and a thrill. They planned and executed the crime as much for the thrill as for the money. Their desire for such a thrill was the big punch in the story; "the feature." It thrilled the entire nation—and where there is a thrill there is beauty, even though the thrill be one of horror.

The story of "the perfect crime" put sympathy and horror and rage in every reader. The story of the perfect detective work that resulted in the arrest and conviction of the killers held another sort of beauty—the beauty of suspense, the beauty of straight thinking and swift action.

© Underwood & Underwood

Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb in court to receive sentence. Loeb is the youth at the right, with Leopold beside him.

Bob Crowe, Chicago's State's Attorney, found near the body a pair of eyeglasses. They had been manufactured by a firm that had made but a few pairs of their kind. One pair had been made for Leopold.

LEOPOLD was a brilliant young man, scarcely nineteen and the graduate of a university. He was an authority on birds. He was slight of build, dreamy, mild-mannered. His father was a millionaire. It seemed incredible that Leopold could have had any part in the murder.

Leopold admitted the glasses were his. He said he must have lost them while hunting birds. He appeared to have a perfect alibi. And yet—the grain of suspicion Crowe felt when Leopold put those glasses on grew swiftly into a certainty that Leopold and his friend Loeb were the slayers.

That suspicion led Crowe to examine Leopold's alibi, and Loeb's. One clew furnished another, so that, even before the pair confessed, Crowe had proved them guilty. Conviction was inescapable.

That story lacked only one element of the perfect newspaper story—the element known as "the woman angle." It was this angle that made Harry Thaw's killing of Stanford White such a beautiful yarn. The Thaw story, as newspaper men say, "had everything."

The story of the murder of William Desmond Taylor, the moving-picture director, "had everything" too—including mystery, in which element the Thaw story was lacking. The Thaw story didn't need mystery. The Taylor yarn had more mystery than it needed.

The most beautiful women in the world were involved in the Taylor murder. Dope, degeneracy, scandal, and money were mixed in it. Taylor's life was as much a mystery as his death. Each day's investigation brought forth a new theory of his sudden taking off. Each evening furnished some new facts of his career. There were so many people who might have killed the man, so many reasons for his murder, so many detectives working on the case, that no one now can say positively who killed him or why.

One of the most beautiful murder stories I ever covered was that known to newspaper men as the "Clara Phillips hammer murder."

Mrs. Phillips, a young woman subject to fits of epilepsy, believed that Mrs. Alberta Meadows, a widow, was trying to take away her husband, Armour Phillips. She called on the widow with her friend, Mrs. Peggy Caffee. Mrs. Meadows invited Clara and Peggy for a ride in her car—a coupé Clara believed Armour had given Alberta. They went through the hills until the car had reached a spot secluded enough for Clara's purpose.

I quote part of the story as Peggy Caffee told it:

"'Stop here,' Mrs. Phillips suddenly said, 'and come out of the car. I want to talk to you.' Mrs. Meadows stopped the car and got out. 'What do you mean by running around with my husband?' Mrs. Phillips cried.

"'I haven't been,' said Mrs. Meadows. 'There's been nothing wrong between us.'

"'That's a lie,' said Mrs. Phillips. She had hidden the hammer in her skirt. She took it out quickly, and without any warning struck Mrs. Meadows over the head. Mrs. Meadows tried to get into the car, but Mrs. Phillips caught her and pulled her back and hit her again with the hammer.

"Mrs. Meadows cried to me for help. I tried to get out of the car, but Mrs. Phillips screamed that she would kill me too if I interfered, and I was afraid. I had to hear those pitiful cries for help and see that hammer raised and lowered again and again.

"Mrs. Meadows fought the best she could until she lost consciousness and fell. Then I became sick and I jumped out and turned and ran away as fast as I could. I turned around and looked back after a while.

"I saw Mrs. Meadows lying on the ground, and Mrs. Phillips crouching above her, striking with the hammer. It rose and fell, rose and fell, rose and fell. My God, it was horrible!"

That story is, to me, the epitome of tragedy. There are three women on a deserted road in the green hills, all young, all beautiful, one killing, one dying, one running away. One overwhelmed with jealousy, one sick with horror, one suffering pain and terror. A beautiful story!

THE Willow-Shadle murder story had beauty too—a pathetic sort of beauty—though it dealt with the illicit love affair of a middle-aged woman and an eighteen-year-old boy, and the brutal murder of the woman's husband.

Mrs. Anna Willow, the defendant, sat with her two children when the verdict was returned. It found her guilty of murder in the second degree, and she was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment.

During the trial the woman and the boy were kept in the little jail at Middleburg, Pennsylvania, and the woman wrote to the boy continually. She wrote on the backs of chewing-gum wrappers, rewrapped the paper about the sticks of gum, and sent gum and letters to Shadle. Some of these letters were intercepted and published.

My dear Ralph—Dont act so mean to me. Write to me and love me like you did before, because we haint here long anymore.——We have to take what we get and that is about 20 years but Ralph that dont worry me. It worries me about you, that you dont have no love for me any more. If you dont I like you anyhow. Write and tell me if you dont like me any more and if you are mad at me— I bought you that suit and bought you a lot of things. But that's all right if you wouldn't go back on me. And yet Ralph you have me in trouble. That means something to get me in such a way and then dont stick to me. That is what worries me so. That we have to cut our love in two. Now, Ralph remember your dear little child when it is born. I will send it out to your mother's if that will suit you.—from your loving friend, Anna, to my dear loving friend Ralph.

The electrocution of Mrs. Snyder was a beautiful story, in the newspaper sense.

But let me correct any idea you may have gathered that a story must be gruesome to be beautiful. It may be funny, or ironic, or sympathetic, or merely clever.

Here, for instance, is part of a story by Gene Fowler in the New York Telegraph. Like most good news stories, it was written in twenty minutes to catch an edition. It was run under a photograph of Tex Rickard lying in his coffin in the new Garden:

Not before the altar and the choir of the cathedral, with surpliced boys intoning,
And dirges of holy bells beating down on the congregation;
Nor with cross bearers and robed clergymen marching;
Candles burning and sunlight groping feebly through stained glass while swaying censers are uplifted—
But beneath the high and bare girders of the hippodrome hall—
With twice ten thousand seats strangely empty,
And the chill of a January day stalking through the bleak corridors—
There, in a bronze coffin, lies the tall and silent Texan. . . .

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Give
FLOWERS
this Christmas

Say it with Flowers

GET YOUR BAG

Tune In
"Planters Peanut Pickers." WEAF and associated N B C Stations. Every Friday at 10 P. M. (Eastern Standard Time).

"The Nickel Lunch"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY
U.S.A. and Canada

PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS are "in season" every day in the year. And you don't have to hunt far to find them. On sale everywhere, 5 cents a bag. Whenever you're hungry, these big, Virginia peanuts chalk up a perfect score for "hitting the spot." They're the "*Nickel Lunch.*" Sold only in the glassine bag with MR. PEANUT on it. Buy a bag every day.

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

P. & A. photos

A lifeboat of the President Roosevelt going overboard to the rescue of the crew of the Antinoe. At the right is the Antinoe as the rescue ship found her. A beautiful news story resulted.

[WHAT IS BEAUTY IN NEWS? Continued from page forty-one]

Not the Gothic sanctity of the cathedral with its somber ecclesiastics and the rituals—

But the solid policemen in the hippodrome hall.

The crape-festooned lobby, where the mourners pass the picture gallery of the champions—

Portraits of muscular celebrities: Muldoon, his arms folded and his loins draped bravely in a lion's hide and posing in a studio setting simulating the arena of the Cæsars;

Hairy-chested Jeffries in his ponderous crouch, poised for a left-hand rip to the liver;

Huge, phlegmatic Willard, his unwieldy biceps flexed and his steam-shovel fists framing a vacant face;

Dempsey, when his tapering legs were yet alert with youth and when his body was a symbol of power;

Jack Johnson, the incorrigible black genius of defense;

Corbett in white tights, his pompadour suggesting a cockatoo's crest, and his darting left extended;

Skinny-legged Bob Fitzsimmons with his grotesque bald pate and his abnormal shoulders—

The Maulers' Hall of Fame—and beyond it, in the high hall, the sleeping Texan.

Upstairs, in the locked drawer of the bronze desk, are the dry and shriveled gloves Battling Nelson wore when bludgeoning the consumptive Gans;

And a trophy head of an African buck given by the younger Roosevelts, and a rhinoceros hide cane presented by T. R.

And an empty chair made from the horns of steers;

And a brass cuspidor the Texan seldom hit with his tobacco thrusts.

And drawn blinds on the wide windows fronting Forty-ninth Street, where he often listened to the voices of playing children. . . .

Here's one by Westbrook Pegler, New York sports correspondent for the Chicago Tribune. Both Pegler and Fowler are primarily sports writers, and best known for their funny stories. Is it queer that one should write so solemnly of Tex Rickard, and the other be so bitter about the funeral of a prize fighter?

"Battling Siki, who tried hard to understand Civilization but never quite got the idea, will be trundled out over the roads to Long Island tomorrow and buried in the civilized way without a single thump of the tom-tom. A Negro minister will commend him to the mercy of the Christian God, and Negroes will shoulder the casket from the tailboard of the motor hearse at the brink of the hole. But even so, there will be nobody there who really understood Siki, because the difference was no mere matter of complexion. . . .

"In fact, the one person who knew Battling Siki best, and loved him as a man loves a friendly but mischievous pet, was a white man, Bob Levy, his fight manager. Siki called him Papa Bob and often assaulted him with moist kisses in the same conciliatory way that a chicken-killing Airedale with feathers in its whiskers might slap its master on the cheek with eight inches of sopping tongue.

"Siki had heard a lot about the virtues of Civilization in a dozen years of exposure to its decorous influence, but in the last minute of his life, when he fell in a dirty gutter in Hell's Kitchen where the lights of Broadway throw deep shadows and churches face speak-easies across the street, Civilization must have been a puzzle and a josh to him. As Siki stumbled over the curb and his dented plug hat bounced away, he may have giggled at the irony of the matter, for he had come all the way from the jungle to the haunts of Civilization and chivalry to be shot in the back.

"AS Siki got the idea, Civilization was something that was supposed to make men do things they didn't want to do, and tried to curtail their natural enjoyment of life. Civilization was a good thing in theory, but it didn't work, and Siki saw proof that it didn't work.

"For one thing, under Civilization, if a man stole your woman or your ox or your land, you were not allowed to go over to that man's house and razor his head off in person. You were supposed to call a cop, and maybe after a long time the man would be locked up in a cage for a term of months or years. It was against the rules to kill people.

"And then Civilization fell out with itself and Siki was given a gun with a knife on the end of it, and invited to kill everyone he saw wearing a certain kind of uniform.

"Under Civilization a man was allowed just one wife at a time, and by the strict rule he was supposed to be true to her. But Siki rattled around Paris enough to learn that Civilization was, in civilized language, the bunk, in this respect.

"Siki came to the United States and they told him Civilization had made a law whereby it was wrong to drink liquor. Siki had heard that Civilization laid considerable store by its laws. By orderly obedience to the law did civilized man show his superiority over the wild man.

"And then Siki toured half of the United States and found civilized men everywhere, both white and black, who would sell him liquor and get him stewed contrary to the statutes. He was more often drunk than sober in a civilized land where the law plainly said there shouldn't be any liquor.

"Siki went to the night clubs, and to the weird squealing of the wood-winds and the muffled thump of tom-toms—the music of Civilization—he saw half-naked black-and-tans wiggling and squirming in the dances of an enlightened tribe.

"He fought in the ring, and when blood showed the civilized crowds came up from their chairs roaring.

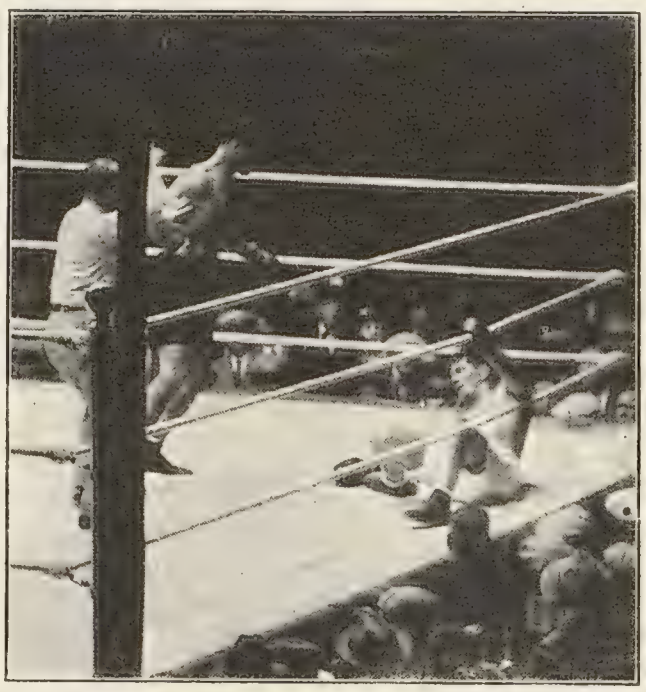
"So, from what he saw of it, Siki frankly didn't get the

plot of this business called Civilization.

"The whole thing was too much for the simple mind of a primitive African who got a late start at the racket."

Peg comes by it honestly. His father, Arthur James Pegler, was a newspaper idol in the old days in Chicago. Ben Hecht calls him "the father of the sob story," but he is more than that. He is a great reporter still.

Peg's story isn't in the strictest sense news. The news was that Siki would be buried the following day. The rest is more or less Peg's philosophy — which made the story, of course. Only a sports writer could get away with that. A news reporter is seldom allowed to be editorial. It is his job to tell only the facts.



Wide World photo

Gene Tunney taking the long count at Chicago. When he got up and ran away, Dempsey gave him the look that a news writer was to commemorate.

Paul Gallico, sporting editor of the New York Daily News, runs—or is run by—a column. It was in this column that he carved a niche for himself in the flimsy Newspaper Hall of Fame with a story he labeled The Memory of a Look.

The look is the one Jack Dempsey gave Gene Tunney in the seventh round of their Chicago fight when Tunney, after taking a leisurely snooze on the resin-dusted canvas, got to his feet and ran away. Paul says:

"THAT look on Dempsey's face when he dropped his hands to his side and laughed at his opponent is going to bother Gene. I am afraid it will live with him. It is one of those strange things. Tunney retained his title and all the glory and the money and the adulation, but he lost the respect of a man he had always looked up to.

"He won't think of it now, or tomorrow or next week, but some day that look will come back to him, and Gene will find himself wishing. I think that he will wish that look had never been, that there had never been any cause for it. He will see himself in that bright ring again, charging desperately at Dempsey, meeting him head on, fists flying, face forward, until his desperate rally turned the tide or he sank into an aching darkness.

"He will see these things, and with a heavy heart know that they are lies, that they never happened . . . and that the only truth is that there appeared on the face of his opponent that curling look of contempt."

Beautiful stories! I remember more than I can enumerate. Let me mention only a few.

There was Jack Lawson's story of the Cherry mine disaster, written in the Chicago Tribune, beginning, "Yesterday there was a burial at Cherry mine. Today there was a resurrection."

Floyd Gibbons' story of the sinking of the Laconia. (Chicago Tribune.)

Terry Ramsaye's story of the funeral of Mamah Bostwick Cheney and her children, murdered in Frank Lloyd Wright's bungalow at Spring Green, Wisconsin. (Chicago Tribune.)

Bob Rohde's story of the Triangle loft-factory fire in New York. (Chicago Record-Herald.)

Wallace Smith's best hanging story (Chicago American): "John Doe was one of your tough guys."

Dudley Nichols' New York World story of the return of Captain George Fried after his rescue of the crew of the Antinoe. Also his yarn about Tom Edison and the Swedish Crown Prince.

Oliver H. P. Garrett's stories of life as he saw it in Chicago. (New York World.)

Marty Casey's stories in the New York American.

Marty Sommers' story of the murder or suicide of Margaret Lawrence in her roof penthouse. (New York Daily News.)

Russell Palmer's story about "Chilly Lilly." (Chicago American.)

James O'Donnell Bennett's, Richard Henry Little's, and Richard Harding Davis' stories on the war.

Ben Hecht's story in the Chicago Daily News beginning, "Outside, the pizzicato of the rain."

Charley MacArthur's Chicago Tribune story telling how Blasco Ibáñez twiddled his toes.

Otis Wiles' Los Angeles Times story of his journey through traffic at twenty miles an hour.

Freddy Pasley's story of Mr. and Mrs. Tanner, in the Chicago Tribune. Mrs. Tanner's foot was wedged in a railroad trestle. The train was roaring down upon her. Her husband could not wrench her foot loose or remove her shoe. He had time to escape with his life. But he chose to die with her. The crossing flagman also preferred death to flight. He

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

If you are aware of the health benefits of yeast (and millions of people are) you'll want to try this improved, modern form of yeast—Yeast Foam Tablets. Easy to swallow...good to chew...a peculiar rare flavor that everyone likes.

Eat these tablets of pure yeast for constipation, indigestion, skin disorders, "nerves," run-down conditions. As to their quality and effects it is enough that this yeast is used by leading universities and by the U. S. Government in Vitamin B studies.

Only 5c for the little glassine envelope or 50c for the 10-day bottle. At drug stores. Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago.

[WHAT IS BEAUTY IN NEWS?
Continued from page forty-three]

tried to save the woman until the last moment. He was badly injured.

Pasley's story won the flagman a small fortune from Tribune readers.

Paul Augsburg's yarn about a snowstorm in Los Angeles.

John Kelley's stories—all of them.

John Holm's story of the wedding of a Polish girl to a spurious count, written after a terrific bout with the wedding champagne.

A story by some Chicago reporter, printed in the New York Daily News, telling of a torch murderess in a little Illinois town. Wonderfully well done. A beautiful story.

Howard Cushman's story in the New York Telegraph, a delightfully nonsensical yarn about nothing at all. It must have been written on a hot night:

"At last, gents, a bathing beauty contest for men!—'one of the most unique events of the year.' Such an event is just that way; it defies grammar. Don't defy grammar, little boy. Remember the respect due your elders. Will Hays is an elder too. In the Presbyterian Church. Who was that church I seen you with last Sunday, Will? That was no church, that was the Roxy Cathedral. Will Hays the Elder. Pliny the Younger. Pliny of room in the balcony, folks! Twenty degrees elder inside. No waiting. Well, what is a little wait, anyway? An ounce is a little weight. An ounce of prevention, for instance, I suppose. Well, if that is your supposition, you can stick to it. Use supposition in a sentence. That is supposition you have on the newspaper."

And so on. Was it only the hot night that made him write like that? Or was it also the thought of male bathing beauties?

That story appeared only a few weeks ago. It's the first of its kind I've seen. The old masters who were gods to me could not have done it better.

Who is Howard Cushman? I don't know. I never heard of him before. I don't know whether he's old or young—but I'll venture to say he's spent lots of years in the racket, and that he learned his job in the days before the news rags all went standard.

I interrupted myself. I meant to mention some of Bob Lee's stories in the Chicago Tribune; Norman Hall's story of the execution of three gangsters (New York American); Freddy Edward's stuff in the New York Herald Tribune; and Whitney Bolton's in the same sheet. I meant to mention a heap of other people who can write beautiful stories. But to what end? I recall Ring Lardner's poem on the death of Jack Lawson:

> Someone will do his work, perhaps not quite
> So well; but still it will be done.
> The world is full of people who can write.
> It cares but little for the loss of one.

Yes, maybe the editors of the present day are right: nobody cares for the loss of a good newspaper man—nobody but his pals. The woods are full of reporters. You can get them for $60 apiece, good, bad, or indifferent. The good quit. The bad are fired. And the indifferent stay. Alas!

An answer to the question, What Is Beauty in Art? by Joseph Breck, assistant director and curator of decorative arts in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, will appear in an early issue.

Mistake Picture Prize Winners—A New List

Awards have been made as follows for the detection of errors in the four "How Many Mistakes" pictures which appeared in Liberty for November 9.

PICTURE NO. 1

FIRST PRIZE—$125

Ethel Matthews,
Gibsonburg, Ohio.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

Earl J. Huff,
2016 Pennsylvania St.,
Allentown, Pa.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

Edward Kellison,
Bellefontaine,
Ohio.

TEN PRIZES OF $5 EACH

Dorothy E. Freking,
Spencer, Ind.

Margaret Spencer,
804 Orange Ave., Ocala, Fla.

Mrs. W. C. Gordon,
2102 Audubon St., New Orleans, La.

Emilie Thaler,
1123 8th St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

Fred W. Harris,
901 S. Saginaw St., Flint, Mich.

Clarke M. Uhler,
1035 E. Moore St., Decatur, Ill.

Mrs. MacAllan,
Box 812, Victoria, B. C., Can.

Comm. M. N. Usina,
C.G.C. Mojave, Navy Yd., Boston, Mass.

Lt. A. E. O'Flaherty, Jr.,
West Point, N. Y.

Hazel Dell Warman,
1422 Banklick St., Covington, Ky.

PICTURE NO. 2

FIRST PRIZE—$125

W. R. Chesser,
Gleason Hotel, Little Rock, Ark.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

Vera Long
818 Wilmer Ave.,
Anniston, Ala.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

Ellsworth E. Few,
3208 Louisville St.,
El Paso, Tex.

TEN PRIZES OF $5 EACH

Marjorie M. Biggs,
2920 Ontario Rd., N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Irvin Rhue, Jr.,
305 Coronado Apts., Des Moines, Ia.

Cecil V. Doncaster,
Brookside Park, Wantagh, N. Y.

H. P. Shrader,
302 Midland Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

S. R. Gill,
Illinois Hotel, Bloomington, Ill.

Mrs. H. W. Smith,
7 Worthington St., W., North Bay, Ont., Can.

Evelyn Lovett,
1460 S. Fourth Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Frank A. Sprungman,
1720 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn.

Irene Mitchell,
1015 N. College St., South Bend, Ind.

Frank A. Stewart,
712 E Avenue, Lawton, Okla.

PICTURE NO. 3

FIRST PRIZE—$125

Milton R. Norris,
2713 Hampshire Rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

Ernest W. Kellett,
1051 Taylor St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

Eva Vance Feder,
Hotel Newton,
Worcester, Mass.

TEN PRIZES OF $5 EACH

R. B. Cadwalader,
2737 Garber St., Berkeley, Calif.

F. Lea Lenzer,
117 N. Hanover St., Carlisle, Pa.

Mrs. Glenn D. Coe,
2407 Mabert Rd., Portsmouth, Ohio.

Martha M. Ragsdale,
2146 W. Gramercy, San Antonio, Tex.

Charles W. Elliott,
119 Academy St., Manlius, N. Y.

Mrs. Rosenburg,
1230 St. Mark St., Montreal, Can.

Clare M. Fogelman,
175 N. Sugar St., Chillicothe, Ohio.

Louis Vernon,
Box 1262, Columbia, S. C.

Violet T. Hartmann,
3612 College Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

F. C. Wright,
59 W. Eighth St., New York, N. Y.

PICTURE NO. 4

FIRST PRIZE—$125

Lt. Charles Godwin Moore,
Office of Naval Intelligence, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

W. N. Gardner,
Box 1212,
Phoenix, Ariz.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

W. H. Plumley,
217 W. Eleventh St.,
Kansas City, Mo.

TEN PRIZES OF $5 EACH

C. Harold Coulter,
4100 Ridgewood Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Mabel Kostka,
1613 Bennett Ave., Flint, Mich.

Raymond J. Fisher
123 Oakland Ave., Audubon, N. J.

Mrs. C. E. Lang,
246 W. North St., Jackson, Mich.

A. E. Griffin,
1757 Bellaire St., Denver, Colo.

Neil D. Millsap,
1521 Pleasant St., Des Moines, Ia.

G. E. Haston,
827 North Drive, Ft. Garry,
Man., Can.

Byron R. Newton,
Bayside, N. Y.

Schuyler C. Hodge,
City National Bldg., Miami, Fla.

L. W. Zara,
220 Northern Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Awards for the four pictures in the November 16 issue will be announced next week.

There's No Accounting for TASTES

Liberty Conducts Another Little Investigation of Preferences in This and That

AS a cross section of what people like, Liberty from time to time has compiled the answers of various groups of its employees to questions about their tastes.

This year the office staffs in New York and Chicago were asked three questions. Then, since printing all the replies would have taken up too much room, the names were arranged alphabetically and every third name taken, regardless of whose it happened to be—except that those who participated in a similar questionnaire last year were omitted from this list.

To those who are left out, condolences are hereby offered. They probably were born to blush unseen or something.

The three questions asked were:

1—What do you consider the best book you have read this year?

2—What do you consider the best movie you have seen this year?

3—What would you like for Christmas?

The numbers preceding the answers, of course, correspond to the numbers of the questions.

And please note—as far as it was humanly possible to get them, these are impromptu replies. The questions were put verbally, and the first answer given in each case was the one recorded. The opinions may not be profoundly considered, but they're supposed to be honest.

Elizabeth Aaron
File Clerk

1. Power, by Lion Feuchtwanger.
2. Street Girl.
3. Jewelry.

Melvin Alpern
Circulation

1. My First Two Thousand Years, by George Sylvester Viereck.
2. The Red Knight of Germany.
3. Do not wish for anything in particular.

Kathleen Ayres
Typist

1. All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque.
2. They Had to See Paris.
3. A roadster.

Elliot Balestier
Editorial

1. Calvin Coolidge's Autobiography.
2. Haven't seen one.
3. Cash.

Fred Barton
Production

1. Sincerity, by John Erskine.
2. Hollywood Revue.
3. Increase in salary.

Richard Blanck
Auditing

1. All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque.
2. The Broadway Melody.
3. Just a little luck.

F. T. Bruno
Advertising

1. The Sheriff of Dyke Hole, by Ridgwell Cullum.
2. On with the Show.
3. Great Dane.

George Carroll
Promotion

1. The Wanderer, by Allain-Fournier.
2. Bulldog Drummond.
3. A trip home—and back.

Warren Chappell
Promotion

1. Wolf Solent, by John Cowper Powys.
2. Bulldog Drummond.
3. Reading lamp.

Elsie Christie
Editorial

1. Rome Haul, by Walter C. Edmonds.
2. Three Live Ghosts.
3. Three bookcases made to order.

Theresa Bopp
Secretary

1. Four-in-One Mysteries, by Marshall, Abdullah, Wallace, and Wells.
2. Unholy Night.
3. Good health, happiness for the entire year.

P. K. Brown
Credit

1. All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque.
2. The Cock Eyed World.
3. Health, wealth, and happiness.

Marie Clarke
Secretary

1. Storm House, by Kathleen Norris.
2. The Singing Fool.
3. Money.

Edith Colagrande
Stenographer

1. Her Love Problems, by Laura Lou Brookman.
2. Madame X.
3. A check.

[Cont'd on next page]

[Continued from p. 45]

Margaret Collins
Stenographer

1. Abie's Irish Rose, by Anne Nichols.
2. The Single Standard.
3. A wrist watch.

Frank Comtois
Promotion

1. Victim and Victor, by John R. Oliver.
2. The Trial of Mary Dugan.
3. One (1) Chrysler "80."

Margaret Crawford
Manuscript Clerk

1. The Greene Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine.
2. The Squall.
3. Radio.

Elizabeth Day
Clerk

1. The Mosaic Earring, by Nell Martin.
2. The Lady Lies.
3. A good wrist watch.

Anna Del Gaudio
Chief Telephone Operator

1. The Crimson Circle, by Edgar Wallace.
2. Street Girl.
3. Money.

Charles De Salvo
Office Boy

1. The Greene Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine.
2. Madame X.
3. A raincoat.

S. A. Diefendorf,
Advertising

1. Bismarck, by Emil Ludwig.
2. Sorrell and Son.
3. New wrist watch.

H. E. Dounce
Editorial

1. A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway.
2. The River of Romance.
3. A root of iris "Sir Michael."

Anna E. Favero
Typist

1. Lanes Lead to Cities, by Georgina Garry.
2. Madame X.
3. An increase in salary.

Mary Feeney
Clerk

1. The Broadway Melody, by Jack Lait.
2. Our Dancing Daughters.
3. Pocketbook.

W. M. Flynn
Assistant Editor

1. An O. Henry Collection.
2. The Broadway Melody.
3. Nothing.

Leonara V. Foster
Bookkeeper

1. The Count of Monte Cristo, by Alexandre Dumas
2. Madame X.
3. A radio.

John Gaynor
Office Boy

1. The Havering Plot, by Clifford James Wheeler Hoshen.
2. The Cock Eyed World.
3. No answer.

William Gilleese
Copy Clerk

1. The Mucker, by Edgar Rice Burroughs.
2. The Four Feathers.
3. A car.

B. Goldberg
Secretary

1. An American Tragedy, by Theodore Dreiser.
2. The Letter.
3. A wrist watch.

Charles Greis
Clerk

1. Seventeen, by Booth Tarkington.
2. Alibi.
3. A complete new skating outfit.

G. F. Hambright
Production Mgr.

1. All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque.
2. Innocents of Paris.
3. Health and happiness for my family.

Anna Harbaugh
Typist

1. The Green Hat, by Michael Arlen.
2. Coquette.
3. A fox fur.

Otto G. Heringer
Auditing

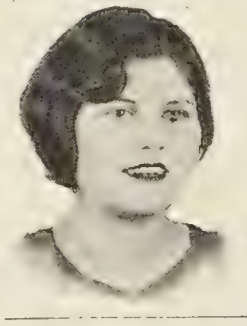
1. Kept Woman, by Viña Delmar.
2. The Broadway Melody.
3. An increase in pay.

Charlotte M. Hickey
Stenographer

1. The Galaxy, by Susan Ertz.
2. A Woman of Affairs.
3. An increase in salary.

Lillian Hirschman
Stenographer

1. A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway.
2. Wonder of Women.
3. Jade earrings.



Lillian Hovorka
Typist

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, by John Fox, Jr.
2. Evangeline.
3. A little Ford.

Muriel Howard
Receptionist

1. The Toilers of the Sea, by Victor Hugo.
2. A Woman of Affairs.
3. A leopard-skin coat.

Teresa Intermonte
Secretary

1. Ultima Thule, by Henry Handel Richardson.
2. The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.
3. New fur coat (sable).

Lloyd W. Johnson
Auditing

1. The Bishop Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine.
2. Flight.
3. Salary increase.

Mary King
Woman's Editor

1. Kristin Lavransdatter, by Sigrid Undset.
2. Bulldog Drummond.
3. A trip home to Chicago, and everything as good as it was last year.

Sol Klein
Clerk

1. The Well of Loneliness, by Radclyffe Hall.
2. Madame X.
3. A raise in salary.

Thos. H. Knorr
Advertising

1. A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann.
2. I don't attend movies.
3. A substantial check.

John L. Lange
Office Boy

1. Madame X, by J. W. McConaughy.
2. Hollywood Revue.
3. An automobile.

Fannie Levin
Clerk

1. All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque.
2. Bulldog Drummond.
3. Money.

Rose Lober
Typist

1. Our Dancing Daughters, by Winifred Van Duzer.
2. Street Girl.
3. A ring.

William Frew Long
Promotion

1. All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque.
2. The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.
3. A piano.

Hazel Magnus
Secretary

1. Four-in-One Mysteries, by Marshall, Abdullah, Wallace, and Wells.
2. In Old Arizona.
3. A leather coat.

Alice Massey
Circulation

1. Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.
2. Innocents of Paris.
3. Anything.

John McFarlane
Art

1. All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque.
2. The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.
3. Motor boat.

M. E. Merrill
Advertising

1. The Tragic Era, by Claude Gernade Bowers.
2. The Iron Mask.
3. An automobile.

Anna Miller
Clerk

1. All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque.
2. Gold Diggers of Broadway.
3. Jewelry.

Morris Morganstern
Stock Room

1. The Mucker, by Edgar Rice Burroughs.
2. The Cock Eyed World.
3. A raise in salary.

Salvatore Moscato
Office Boy

1. All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque.
2. The Broadway Melody.
3. A Chrysler car.

Henry F. Murphy
Auditing

1. God Have Mercy on Us! by William T. Scanlon.
2. Thunderbolt.
3. A set of golf sticks.

James A. Murray
Advertising

1. Napoleon, by Emil Ludwig.
2. The Cock Eyed World.
3. A box of good cigars.

Kathryn O'Hara
Secretary

1. The Case of Sergeant Grischa, by Arnold Zweig.
2. Street Girl.
3. Any pleasant surprise.

Irwin Olian
Promotion

1. Voltaire, by Victor Thaddeus.
2. Disraeli.
3. A piano, a room to put it in, someone to play it.

John Olson
Circulation

1. Beau Geste, by P. C. Wren.
2. The Broadway Melody.
3. An increase in salary.

Charles Parker
Art

1. All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque.
2. The Letter.
3. Plenty.

Gasper Pellegrino
Auditing

1. The Day the World Ended, by Sax Rohmer
2. Madame X.
3. Not very particular — an increase in salary.

N. R. Perry
Advertising Manager

1. All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque.
2. The Doctor's Secret.
3. To see the five-year-old baby get a kick out of Christmas.

Edna Reiling
Typist

1. Red Silence, by Kathleen Norris.
2. Madame X.
3. An automobile.

[Concl'd on next page]

[Continued from p. 47]

Catherine Rocchio
File Clerk

1. K, by Mary Roberts Rinehart.
2. Madame X.
3. Jewelry.

Yetta Rosenstein
Typist

1. Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing, by Samuel Hoffenstein.
2. They Had to See Paris.
3. Wrist watch.

Lawrence Rubenstein
Clerk

1. Squad, by James B. Wharton.
2. Rio Rita.
3. Neckties, handkerchiefs.

Lillian Ruefli
Typist

1. All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque.
2. Madame X.
3. Automobile.

Michael Rufolo
Mail Clerk

1. The Bishop Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine.
2. Show Boat.
3. A new car.

Joseph Salvatore
Clerk

1. Vanity Fair, by William Makepeace Thackeray.
2. Alibi.
3. Wrist watch.

Belle Schiller
Stenographer

1. Honey Lou, by Beatrice Payne Burton.
2. The Pagan.
3. Increase.

Jack Schwartz
Secretary

1. The Well of Loneliness, by Radclyffe Hall.
2. The Dance of Life.
3. Chrysler roadster.

Claire Schweber
Stenographer

1. Jennie Gerhardt, by Theodore Dreiser.
2. The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.
3. An increase in salary.

Gertrude Seidler
Typist

1. The Canary Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine.
2. Madame X.
3. A raise in salary.

A. D. Stark
Production

1. The Well of Loneliness, by Radclyffe Hall.
2. The Queen of Night Clubs.
3. A Pierce Arrow.

Alexander Stewart
Promotion

1. Victim and Victor, by John R. Oliver.
2. The Trial of Mary Dugan.
3. Radio and piano

Sidney Sutherland
Staff Writer

1. Lady Chatterley's Lover, by D. H. Lawrence.
2. The Cock Eyed World.
3. A game of golf in Florida.

Maude J. Tait
Proofreader

1. The Case of Sergeant Grischa, by Arnold Zweig.
2. The Doctor's Secret.
3. An Oriental rug.

Blanche Tenenbaum
Clerk

1. The Well of Loneliness, by Radclyffe Hall.
2. Innocents of Paris.
3. A futuristic wrist watch.

D. S. Timlin
Circulation

1. Ivanhoe, by Sir Walter Scott.
2. The Broadway Melody.
3. I would like to have the house paid for.

Hanna Trilling
Typist

1. Young Felix, by Frank Arthur Swinnerton.
2. Coquette.
3. I would like my stocks to go up.

Jean Vest
Clerk

1. Romance of Leonardo da Vinci, by Dmitrïi Sergieevich Merejhkowskïi.
2. King of Kings.
3. A set of oil paints.

Mary Walker
Typist

1. Visitors to Hugo, by Alice Grant Rosman.
2. Madame X.
3. A new radio.

W. B. Warner
Production

1. All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque.
2. The Cocoanuts.
3. A clothes closet all to myself.

Gustave Weill
Advertising Credit

1. All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque.
2. The Trial of Mary Dugan.
3. I can like anything I get.

William Welkowitz
Clerk

1. Mademoiselle de Maupin, by Theophile Gautier.
2. The Broadway Melody.
3. A trip to the Adirondacks.

E. P. Willcox
Advertising

1. All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque.
2. Wonder of Women.
3. Get the Stein account for Liberty.

Ruth Woodworth
Clerk

1. All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque.
2. His Glorious Night.
3. A Ford coupé.

THE END

That WAISTLINE Again

By

EILEEN BOURNE

IT is a safe wager that before many months are out the theme of conversation will have changed somewhat at pink teas, over bridge tables, and in the whispered exchanges out of reach of the boss' ears.

Instead of "Whatdeyeknow, girls, I lost ten pounds!" you are going to hear the latest tape-measure reports. "My dear, it used to be twenty-nine inches. And now it's only twenty-four!"

"It" is the waistline for which the new Marathon is being run.

Manufacturers would better begin stocking up on the article by which waist circumference is told off in inches.

In spite of the die-hards who are battling the natural waistline and the long skirt, it is safe to predict that by next Easter watching the tape measure for waist reports will be one of our busiest feminine industries.

There is simply no gainsaying the fact that the waistline has moved up and it is going to stay up for a few seasons to come, no matter what happens to the skirt length.

Outside of the fact that the world do move and you can't stop it from moving, and the fact that the time is ripe for a dress change, there is an influence, feline in character perhaps, that is going to contribute to the general adoption of the normal waistline. "High-hatting," you might call it. That's what those who are molded on square or heavily rounded lines call it, anyway. And it is provoked largely by those now lucky ladies who, at last, are privileged to parade their natural heirlooms of incurves and delicately refined waist measurements. They strut their current fitness to fashion challengingly. And only another lady knows what a red rag to action that can be!

I wish I had more complete data on the shifting waistline over a long period of years. There is not much on the records besides the rather voluminous figure of that one-time popular model, Venus de Milo, with her twenty-eight and one-half inches of waist to be encircled. One can recall vaguely periods of eighteen-inch waist torture. But in recent times what has been recognized as the ideal waist for a girl of five feet five inches hovered around twenty-five and a half and twenty-six inches.

SYMMETRY tables have not been charted with the frequency, nor with the authority, of weight tables. But from one of these we have the following figures, which at least give an idea of what a waist might be under proper governing circumstances:

Height in inches	Waist in inches	Height in inches	Waist in inches	Height in inches	Waist in inches
60	25.8	65	27.9	70	30.1
61	26.2	66	28.3	71	30.5
62	26.6	67	28.8	72	30.9
63	27.	68	29.2	73	31.3
64	27.5	69	29.6	74	32.2

The compiler of the above, as may be noted by comparison with the five feet five inches of other computers, must have a preference for the slightly heavier mold of the female form.

It will be interesting to see what the ideal waist measurement will be one year from now. I believe there will be a reduction of two inches at least in the waist measurements of the foregoing table. Anyway, it is an accepted conclusion that waists will be trimmer than they have been in years.

Touch the floor with the finger tips in line with the right heel.

Now, we want to go at this waist trimming with a little more scientific understanding than was shown when woman's greatest ambition was to achieve a reduced weight record.

What women are apt to forget in their zeal for a Burne-Jones type of figure is that fat deposits settle on specific parts of the body. Not all of the figure may need reducing. One type carries an excess of fat around the shoulders, bust, and upper arms; in another type the waist and abdomen are the depositories for surplus fat. Another class is loaded down with extra poundage around the hips and thighs. And these may be the only parts in actual need of reduction.

Strenuous diet is not what is needed in such cases. Moderate diet, yes. But what you must avoid is the drawn and often hard line of face from a general all-over weight reduction, that is often the result of dieting carried too far.

Woman's physical education at the moment is in need of nothing so much as a better understanding of the value of exercise. Take the waistline alone, which commonly carries the burden of excess weight. If exercises were practiced that bring into play muscles and ligaments of waist and abdomen, fatty deposits would be prevented.

IT is an easy matter to take two inches off the waist and from two to four inches off the hips if those parts of the anatomy are exercised regularly every morning for ten minutes.

A complicated set of exercises is not necessary. Two or three movements done regularly are enough for average requirements. There is a three-in-one exercise practiced religiously by an acquaintance of mine who claims for it her fine waist and hip line at forty and her successful battle against a hereditary tendency to adipose. It is:

Stand tall with arms stretched high overhead, hands together. Sway the waist and abdomen forward as far as you can; then back, keeping the feet firmly planted, and with a consciousness of a stretching from the knees up. Do this twenty times. Relax a minute. Then, from the stretched high position, with hands overhead, do the regular toe-touching without bending the knees. Repeat twenty times. Then try to touch the floor with the finger tips in line with the right heel, and then the left. You get sufficient stretching and pulling on waist and hips with this three-in-one exercise to keep or put them in prime condition.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

Liberty's Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name .....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No. .....

City .....State..... 175

Vox

"From One Who Does Not Have a Vote"

PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII—It is evident today from magazine articles, newspapers, and everyday social conversation in every locality in the United States, as well as among circles abroad, that the great American public is fairly split on the subject of prohibition. Indeed I feel safe in venturing the opinion that the subject has reached the proportions of the slavery question in the sixties!

With regard to your editorial, "Politics, 1932," I, for one, am of the opinion that two new political parties, the wet party and the dry party, are on our political horizon, and that it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the President for 1936, and possibly 1932, will be the candidate of one of these two parties.

There is but one vital issue in our political circles today. That is prohibition and its attendant problems. Both Democrats and Republicans are practically agreed on tariff, disarmament, farm relief, flood control, et cetera ad infinitum. However, each party is split wide asunder, internally, on the prohibition question. Is not the time ripe for them to drop their inherited party and come out fair and square on their chosen side in the prohibition issue?

The Republican and Democrat parties have outlived their usefulness. Political grave worms are greedily watching them, in the expectation of an early feast!

From one who does not have a vote.—*Naval Officer.*

For Elliott White Springs

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—In the Vox Pop column of the November 23 issue you headed one letter as follows: "The $100 Is Not Especially to Encourage Amateurs; It's to Get Good Stories."

Just what was the $100 you paid Elliott White Springs for "1917" in that issue for?—*C. B. Claflin.*

Aren't There Any Trains?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Where the h—— is the short short story in "1917"?

If I were only in New York I could sell you Grant's Tomb.—*H. G. Jones.*

Two Slants on Boston

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I just couldn't refrain from giving my viewpoint of Boston, that is the viewpoint of a working girl, after reading Edward Doherty's article.

I worked in Boston for five years, up till a year ago, when I came to the wicked city of New York.

I have an aged dependent so I have had to live in rooming houses of various sorts and rub elbows with all sorts, and I've seen more rottenness in puritanical Boston than I've ever seen here.

Streetwalkers of the lowest kinds (there are different grades) prowl the streets from the South End to the West End, to the Back Bay and through the Common, plying their trade in alleys or doorways and inconceivable places.

I am just an ordinary-looking girl, with no "come hither" eyes, yet I have been approached on the streets by men (?) with the most revolting propositions. I have been followed to my very door. Friends of mine have had the experience of merely looking out of their windows at the street and having men spy them and come and ring the bell.

Of course New York has the same class of people but it is more hidden. They seem to glory in their rottenness in Boston.

Meanwhile police are snooping around, raiding apartments, following innocent men and women. The Watch and Ward Society poke their noses in everywhere, and vice goes on triumphantly.

Since coming to this city of sin I've roomed in some rather second-rate rooming houses in poor sections. I have never been insulted or followed by any man; I have never met a girl of questionable reputation.

Everything is frank and friendly. I am never afraid to go home alone nights.

No doubt there are queer sorts in my rooming house, but they go about their business quietly, have visitors in their rooms quietly, and one can't tell them from their more chaste sisters.

We can go to a show and see bare legs here, which is forbidden on Boston stages.

Perhaps that is why New York seems cleaner to me—because one doesn't have to hide as in Boston.

Boston seems to me like a stately grande dame in spotless finery with dreadfully soiled underthings beneath.—*F. McDonal.*

KANSAS CITY, KAN.—I have been reading Liberty—off and on—for a long time.

As a whole, I have found it to contain good articles, stories, and editorials. But every good thing can't last forever.

Everything went along nicely until Ed Doherty's article, "Boston Bans Strange Interlude." That guy knows about as much of writing articles as I do—poor fellow!

When recounting a tale or anything of that nature, why does religion have to be discussed? Who cares if the people of Boston are Puritans, atheists, Catholics, Jews, Baptists, or what not, just as long as they are loyal to Uncle Sam? —*Slim.*

Maybe It Can Be Arranged

CHICAGO, ILL.—I see Wallace Irwin, judging from "The Lost Lover," thinks money is corrupting. Oh, how I'd love to be corrupted!—*F. Montgomery.*

Now, Kitty! And You Started Out to Be So Nice

AKRON, OHIO—This is the first time I ever wrote to a magazine and I suppose it will be the last. What I want to know is why the people who growl so much keep on getting Liberty. I cannot figure it out.

I like everything in the magazine and read it from cover to cover. Leslie Thrasher is a good artist but I wish he would make his girls fatter. They look like they had t. b.—*Kitty.*

Yes, but Who Told It to You?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—My attention has been called to a short short story printed in your issue of September 14, entitled "Fixed," by F. R. Buckley.

Although I understand that many others claim a literary property in this famous anecdote, I doubt if any one has a better title to it than myself.

If you refer to my "Prisoner at the Bar," published by Charles Scribner's Sons in 1906, you will find the same story on page 260. I ended it with the words: "Elivin o' thim were for lettin' him go entirely!" Mr. Buckley concludes his version with: "All the rest of them sons of guns was for turnin' him loose."

The gentle tone of this present communication is entirely due to my native amiability and not to the fact, set forth in your head note to the story, that Mr. Buckley's hobby is pistol-shooting.—*Arthur Train.*

Note on the Grand Passion

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your editorial, "College Football," hit the nail right on the head. According to the way the Carnegie Foundation reasons, it is all right for a college student to be helped with jobs, tuition, scholarships, and friendly loans. But the minute it is found out that this man is a star football player he is eternally damned.

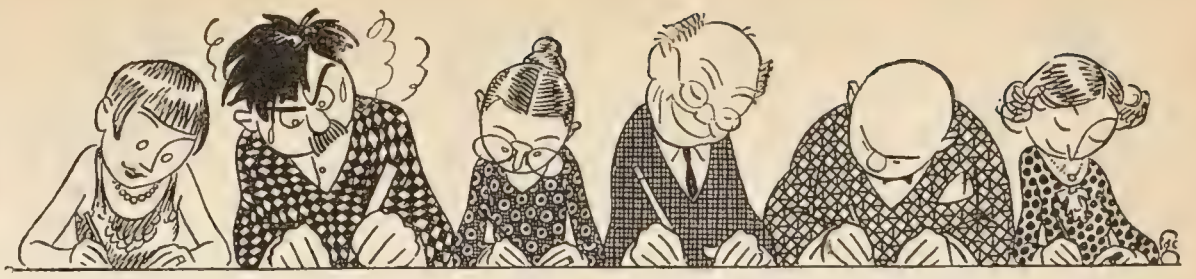
Liberty's editorial put everything in a nutshell when it said, in reference to the Carnegie report: "To us it sounds more than a little like another manifestation of the great American passion for butting in."—*John A. Ward.*

You're Not Supposed to Notice Little Things Like That

MANHATTAN, KAN.—I notice in your stories lately you print a picture of the real "action" part of the story right near the start of the reading matter, thereby letting people know right from the start how the story is going to turn out. For instance, "Gollumps." You see the dog defending the girl right at the start and then read how she hates him—when you know she is going to love him in the end of the story.

I have noticed several similar instances lately.—*W. C. Searle.*

Pop



Women from the North —

TORONTO, CAN.—Rex Beach's Liberty article, " Why Men Hate Women," made me laugh up my sleeve. So good of the dear men to think of women's comfort.

Ask Rex Beach what the men said a few years ago when we women started to wear short dresses, cut our hair, and what not. They yelled at the top of their voices and cried about the modern women going to the dogs. " Have they no self-respect or decency? " was their usual comment.

And now they have nerve enough to turn on us again and tell us to stay that way.

If women are idiots men are more so. Let them stop criticizing our styles—we are just what they want us to be.—*Sarah Stone.*

— South —

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Since reading Rex Beach's article, " Why Men Hate Women," which purports to be the opinion of J. Jones, average husband and father, I have asked the opinion of several of my men acquaintances, and find that J. Jones' opinion is not that held by the average man.

He claims women are slaves to style. Many are, and always will be, but not all of them. Any doctor will tell him that a light abdominal support is beneficial to most women. If he will take the trouble to visit the corset department of any store, he will find that all models are light, and support the figure without binding it.

How many women does he know who will ever go back to the heavily boned affairs of years ago?

As for long skirts, they are a boon to most women, as only one woman in a thousand has legs that can bear exposure.

Women's clothes today are lighter and more comfortable than ever before, long skirts not excepted, and most men think so, too. And—speaking of slaves to fashion—how about the skintight knee breeches, the lace ruffles and furbelows men once wore, and, at a more recent date, the bulldog-toed shoes, padded shoulders, the trousers flaring at the hips and so tight at the ankles that they could hardly pull them over their feet, and then the trousers so wide at the bottom they looked like two narrow skirts?

Compare woman's evening clothes with man's and decide which is the most comfortable. Poor men, with their starched shirt fronts, always in a hump under their chins. No wonder they ache about women's clothes when they see women so comfortably dressed. They themselves would like to be, but fashion says otherwise.

Even though men are no longer masters, and though women no longer have to kiss the hand that socks 'em in the eye, men don't hate women—not by a damn sight. Just ask the modern, average man.—*Modern Woman.*

ATLANTA, GA.—Have just finished reading " Why Men Hate Women," by Rex Beach, and want to say that I am most heartily in accord with the views expressed in this article. I think it is a shame that the women of this country should allow a bunch of Frogs to dictate as to what they should wear.

A country as wonderful and fine as ours most assuredly should have its own style designers, and not have to listen to the manufacturers of corsets, hair nets, cloth, etc.

Of course, any one who would stop and think for a minute could see the motive for all this so-called " feminine clothes " movement. More cloth to make a dress —therefore, more expense to the purchaser and more money for the manufacturers.—*Mae Frey.*

— East —

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Three cheers for Rex Beach's article and J. Jones' views. How true! Lawdy! Every word was a slap we women really deserve. Thanks! —*Esther.*

— and West Are Stirred by Mr. Beach

SEATTLE, WASH.—Yes! Women are fools; women are dupes for the designer, the dressmaker, the cosmetician, the shoemaker, the false-hair maker, etc.

But allow me to remind Mr. Beach that, although he is perfectly right in saying women are fools, don't you think the bigger fool is the man behind the scenes who continues to pay and pay, and—believe it or not—actually likes it? —*Florence Aronson.*

We've Told Him

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—In Paul Ellerbe's short story, " Danger," I found this: ". . . Dave said, and drew his heavy .48."

Tell Ellerbe he can make big money in Chi selling those .48s. The biggest guns found there yet are .45s.—*H. J.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Please tell Paul Ellerbe that I never stopped to take breath from the time I began " Danger " until I finished it.—*Mary.*

Is He Right, Squawkers?

DENVER, COLO.—Biff! Bang! Slam! Knock! But your circulation increases by leaps and bounds in spite of it all. Who are your knockers? Just the ones who think your magazine is the best one the world has ever known.

Most of the squawkers are like the congressmen who vote dry and then get drunk to celebrate it.—*H. J. Ponick.*

He Probably Didn't Realize What He Was Doing

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.—During the Indian wars Miami was just a trading post not much bigger than it is now, but Robert W. Chambers, in his " Rake and Hussy," says, " Claiborne sent me a Miami runner."

Say it ain't so, Liberty—please say it ain't so! You know how these Palm Beach publicity men are—they almost tar and feather any one who gives Miami free publicity, and they may not notice that this all happened back in 1812, before I knew how to walk and talk yet. Can't you get Bob to correct that and say, " Claiborne sent me a Palm Beach runner with an air view of the Millionaire Playground on it "?

Aside from that one statement which alarms me so, this latest story is the best of all Mr. Chambers' great books—it even shoots past his " Firing Line."—*" Haitch " Claiborne.*

Well, It's a Good Idea

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Forecast for literary contents of Liberty next two years:

Three more serials from R. W. Chambers, in which

Three dashing young blades will exhibit remarkable self-control toward

Three reckless youngsters who will undress shamelessly before said three young blades

In assorted places indoors and out during three wars in which the forces opposing the U. S. will be extra cruel and bloody.—*Dwight T. Keach.*

This Is a Blow

BELLINGHAM, WASH. — Perhaps you are a Purdue graduate. Or maybe you trumped George Ade's ace the last time you played bridge with him, and think that now you owe him a favor. Perhaps you just were short a story, and took that which came most handy. But, regardless, I fail to see why you should have published George Ade's " Football Now and Then."

If it lived up to its title, it would be a valued article. If it was intended only as a bit of autobiography, it would still have its place in the magazine. If it was designed as one of a series of articles about football in the outstanding colleges, then it would be praiseworthy. But as the bit of propaganda that it proved to be, it should never have been published.

Ask George Ade if he cannot do something more worthy. And when he does write something worth while, publish it —because his stuff is good.—*Vernon V. Vine.*

But This Helps

CONVERSE, IND.—Rotten! Sure you're rotten, and for this reason: You don't issue a daily instead of a weekly.—*Chas. B. Ryder.*

Inside the Ropes with LOU MAGNOLIA

The Colorful Life of a Great Referee

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

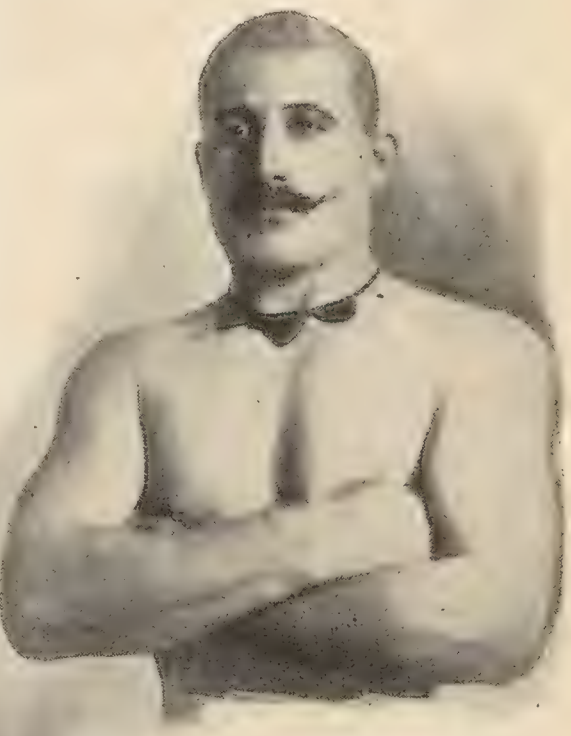
IN previous installments of his story of his career, as told through Mr. Sutherland, Lou Magnolia has recalled the fights and fighters of his boyhood days in New York City, and has compared the rough-and-ready fight game of that time and the decade or two that followed with the gentlemanly boxing "racket" of today.

PART FOUR

AS a humorous case of an attempt at goat-getting that proved to be ill-advised, I have always remembered the wrestling contest between Yussiff Mahmout and Tom Jenkins [said Lou Magnolia, turning for a moment from boxing to the mat game].

Yussiff, as I recall him, was the fourth Turkish wrestler to make a name for himself in this country—the first one having been the Terrible Turk, who defeated all comers in the 1890s, sailed for home with $15,000 in gold in a belt around his waist, and, naturally, sank like a stone when his ship went down after a collision. Like him, Yussiff Mahmout, who came along about fifteen years later, affected spread-eagle mustachios and was a colorful character. I refereed Yussiff's match with Jenkins, which took place in the Grand Central Palace. Jenkins outweighed him, 215 pounds to his 203, but Yussiff was good, and as the bout went on it looked like a Turkish victory.

Then came this goat-getting incident. Around Yussiff's neck was a strange affair. It was a sort of leather necklace consisting of a thong with three little triangular pockets into which he had sewed some Turkish prayer or the ten commandments of Allah. He was supposed to be intensely superstitious about it, and never to take it off, in or out of the ring.



Apeda photo

Yussiff Mahmout wearing his good-luck charm.

He had won the first fall, and bade fair to win the second and with it the match, when some newspaper man yelled, "Hey, Tom, break the ten commandments and you'll win!"

Jenkins got the drift of this strange advice and reached up and jerked the leather string. When it broke and the necklace fell, he stuck a foot out and kicked the Turk's good-luck charm off the mat. Yussiff didn't seem to notice it till Pierre the Greek, who was in his corner, shouted, "Shame on you, Tom, for doing that!" and said something in Turkish.

Well, if Tom expected Yussiff to weaken, he couldn't have had a bigger disappointment. The Turk put his hand to his neck, let out a roar and made a lunge, and —I don't know that I've ever seen a wrestler thrown quicker or harder than he threw Tom. George Bothner, the famous lightweight mat champion, was in Tom's corner that night, and he said the same thing. It certainly didn't pay to monkey with Yussiff's superstitions!

Kid McPartland, the old-time boxer and now a popular

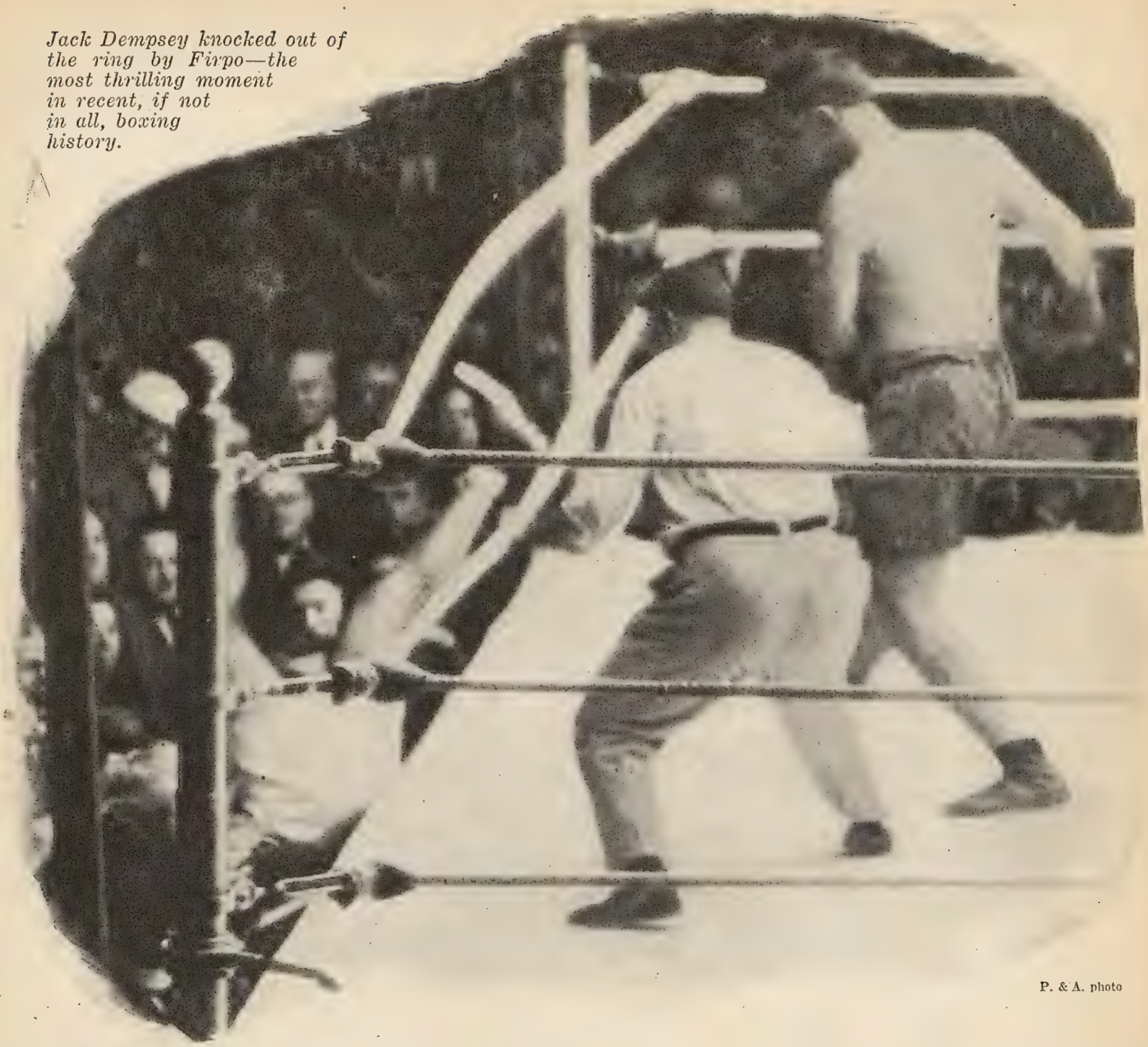
Picture by Arthur G. Dove

Siki liked to ride up and down Broadway in a taxicab, with both his immense feet sticking out the window.

P. & A. photo

Battling Siki.

Jack Dempsey knocked out of the ring by Firpo—the most thrilling moment in recent, if not in all, boxing history.



P. & A. photo

referee, figures in two interesting episodes. When Luis Angel Firpo knocked Jack Dempsey out of the ring at the Polo Grounds on September 14, 1923, Jack fell on Kid McPartland, one of the judges that night, and on Jack Lawrence, then a fight writer for the New York Tribune. Dempsey dented Lawrence's typewriter.

There has always been hot dispute about how Dempsey got back into the ring. It is generally conceded that McPartland and Lawrence shoved him back on to the outer apron of it, and from there he crawled back inside the ropes. I can't blame either of them for getting him off them. It was merely instinctive to push him away, and they could only push him one way—up.

BUT McPartland was only rehearsing that night. On February 12, 1924, Pat McGill, 208 pounds, was wrestling Champion Strangler Lewis, 228. I refereed. There was harsh feeling between the men, and each threw the other out of the ring four or five times.

The sports writers would grab their typewriters and hold them out of the paths of the hurtling mountains of flesh. Once when McGill picked Lewis up and deliberately threw him out of the ring I thought it was all over—but lo and behold, who should break the giant's fall but little Kid McPartland! The Kid and his companions managed to push the heavyweight off. Lewis clamped on a series of painful headlocks and finally won. They carried McGill unconscious to his room.

I got quite a laugh out of a match I refereed between a wrestler whom I will call Pete and Taiacho Miacho. Miacho weighed 195 pounds, thirty more than Pete, and was a Japanese champion of the jujitsu style of wrestling. He was to throw Pete in one hour or lose the decision. The Jap was to wrestle in his native style, and Pete was to wrestle catch-as-catch-can.

It was a frightfully hot night, and Pete had to wear a canvas coat, so the Jap could get some of his favorite holds. The reporters at ringside were in shirt sleeves and all along the outer edge of the ring they placed cool bottles of soft drinks with straws in them.

The Jap was a good wrestler, all right, and he had Pete in a tough way. When there was only fifteen minutes left and the Jap was crowding and bulling his way to a certain victory, Pete suddenly crawled to the edge of the ring. This was an unusual stunt, and I wondered what he had in mind.

When they reached the ropes the Jap dove with all his might on Pete's body, and in the mêlée and tangle of arms and legs and canvas coat, I was surprised to hear the bell end the battle. The Jap got up disgusted because he had failed to throw Pete.

Everybody was laughing at ringside, and I soon learned that Pete had grabbed a soft-drink bottle and tapped the bell. The Tokyo champ was wild when he was told what had happened.

Battling Siki was a weird bird. This Senegalese heavyweight had fought gallantly during the World War

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[INSIDE THE ROPES WITH LOU MAGNOLIA]
Continued from page fifty-three

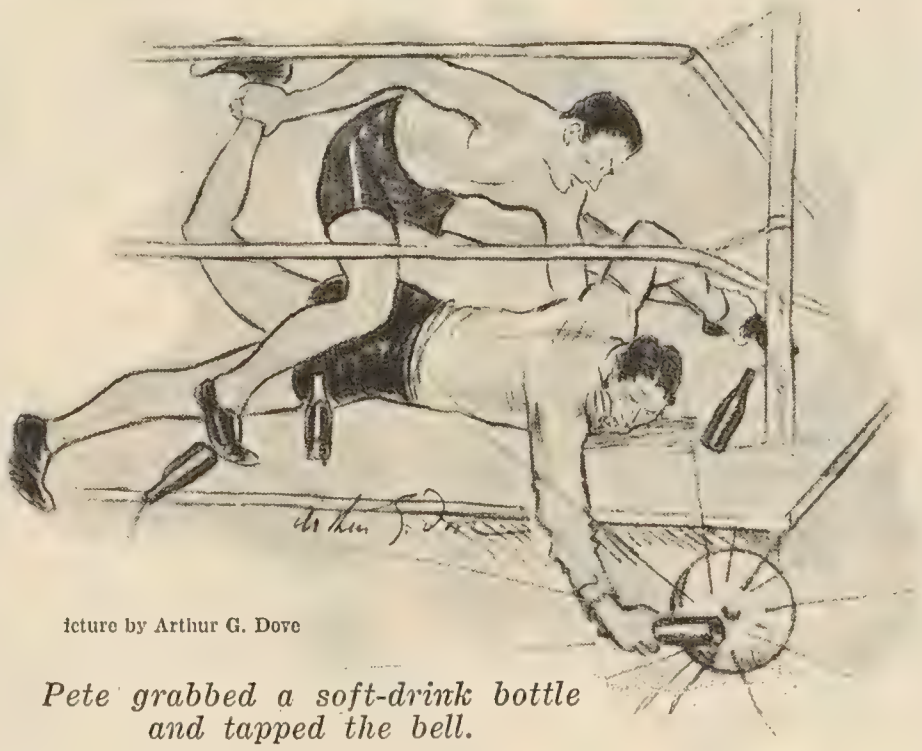
and then gone in for serious boxing. He and Georges Carpentier agreed, according to reports from Paris, to put on a fake fight, but Siki double-crossed the Greek God and dropped him in the fourth round. Then he went to Dublin and fought Mike McTigue on St. Patrick's day—a rather daring proceeding, I maintain!

Mike won the decision in twenty rounds, and Siki came to America. From the first he was a sensation, especially in private life. He was a huge Negro with a small head covered with a mat of kinky wool. His appetite for liquor was prodigious, and he liked to ride up and down Broadway day or night in a taxicab, wearing a tuxedo and a battered silk hat and with both immense feet sticking out the window.

Siki had one wife of record in France, yet while he was over here he married a white girl from Memphis, Tennessee. His career ended one night while he was on one of his great debauches; some white gangster shot him and they found his body in a gutter.

Another strange Negro boxer was Tiger Flowers. The Tiger was an ordained deacon in his Afro-Methodist church down south, and he was a fine boy. He never gave a referee or a policeman any trouble. When you'd go into his dressing room before a fight you'd find him reading from his Bible. Just as the gong rang, Flowers would recite a little prayer—as Catholic boxers cross themselves.

The deacon's prayer was, at least, unusual. I often heard it. He would bow his head, close his eyes, and murmur: "I ask Thee, dear Lord, to let nothing happen to my hands!" It was a decent prayer, at that. He didn't ask God to give him the victory—he, the deacon, would look after that end of the deal; he only begged the Lord to save his hands from injury, since it was with his hands that he made a living.



Picture by Arthur G. Dove

Pete grabbed a soft-drink bottle and tapped the bell.

THE Tiger was a great fighter, too. He won the middleweight title from Harry Greb when that marvelous Pittsburgher was at the top of his stride. To show it was no fluke, he whipped him again. He lost the title to Mickey Walker in a Chicago decision that was, to say the most charitable thing, decidedly peculiar.

One day Tiger went to a doctor. He had a small growth over one eye and the doctor told him it could be removed by a minor operation. The knife was used and in a few days Flowers died from an infection. He left a good estate for his widow and children, a beautiful home in Atlanta, and considerable money to his church. His death was a distinct loss to boxing. Not long afterward Walk Miller, his equally decent white manager, was stabbed to death in an upstate training camp. Some held it was suicide; others that some underworld score was evened. Nobody seems to know.

The colored boys have always been easy to handle in a fight. They battle under a handicap—against their white opponents and the white spectators.

But when a truly great Negro boxer comes along he is usually pretty popular, and almost always a decent fellow.

There is a vast and commendable difference between the control and conduct of professional boxing of today and yesterday. From September, 1900, until 1910, boxing was unlawful in New York. Yet some of the greatest fighters put on some of their greatest fights in this state during that period. Manifestly, dishonesty was rampant; there was no supervision.

The Frawley law came into effect in 1910 and was repealed in 1917. While it eliminated certain evils, it still was far from being a good law. Bouts of ten rounds were allowed, but no decision as to the winner—as if the *decision* made prize fighting wrong! Consequently, boxers could fake fights; and decisions, on which wagers were settled, were made by persons having no connection with the sport.

FROM 1917 until 1920 we went blithely along violating the law once more, holding fights although the legislature had forbidden them.

And under those conditions there was no commission to regulate the ring. A referee's application for a license, for instance, was not submitted to a commission for examination as to the applicant's fitness, but went directly to the governor with the district leader's indorsement. A list of licensed referees would be submitted to a club promoting a bout, and the club owner could select any pal on it he wanted!

There has always been dispute as to which is the better system—to have the referee alone name the winner, or to permit the decision to be made by the referee and two judges. Personally, I think the judgment of any competent and honest referee is sufficient. But realizing the temptations involved in the huge sums now identified with boxing, I am quite ready to admit that for the sake of greater security and honesty it is better for two judges to be sitting outside to help the referee.

The Walker law was passed in Albany in 1920 and signed by Governor Al Smith. It was written and sponsored by James J. Walker, then a state senator and now mayor of New York City. All his life an ardent devotee of boxing, the popular senator beheld in the advent of Tex Rickard a chance to uplift the game, for with the appearance of Rickard prize fighting changed overnight.

The Ring photos — P. & A. photo

James A. Farley — George E. Brower — William Muldoon — James J. Walker

The three members of New York State's athletic commission, and the mayor of New York City, father of the Walker law, under which the commission was created.

With the aid of John Ringling's experience as a circus owner in handling excited multitudes, and with the backing of numerous wealthy men who trusted him, Rickard was able to raise boxing from the garbage can and make it a drawing-room affair.

The Walker law embodies numerous safeguards against dishonesty and sloppy management. It is the model today for boxing legislation in every state, and in most foreign countries where prize fighting is popular. It overlooks nothing and it provides for everything.

The governor appoints a commission of three men with absolute powers. Other officials are named, and salaries for all are covered by the statute. The present commissioners are James A. Farley, of James A. Farley, Inc., cement and building materials; William Muldoon, physical culture farm director at Purchase, New York, and all

his eighty-five years an outstanding and honorable participant in and exponent of clean sports; and George E. Brower, a well known attorney of Brooklyn.

These are wealthy men, and they do not accept the $5,000 a year salary. They serve gratis and gladly.

Under them are four deputy commissioners with powers identical to those of their superiors when supervising an out-of-town contest—say, up in Buffalo.

The law names the number of rounds, fifteen for championship bouts and fewer for other fights. Licenses for corporations and clubs holding matches, for fighters, seconds, managers, referees, judges, timekeepers, physicians, are arranged for. The suspension or revocation of licenses, the summoning of witnesses and their examination, and the penalties to be exacted are within the commission's jurisdiction.

Ventilation and fire-hazard protection and the comfort of spectators are insisted on. Age limits for boxers; the prevention of collusion or sham bouts; the forbidding of any financial interest in a boxer on the part of a club or corporation; the posting of bonds; the banning of undue disparities in the weights of fighters; examinations by physicians; the protection of fans by printing of ticket prices; and so on and on—all these safeguards are covered by the Walker act.

But this is not all. The commission itself has adopted many rules from time to time, meeting and correcting abuses as they have arisen.

No longer are spectators offended by half-naked, sweating, profane seconds; smoking and betting are prohibited, even if these rulings are evaded; dangerous padding and bandaging of hands is impossible. A boxing inspector looks on while the fighters prepare their hands in their dressing rooms. Years ago, and even of late in some places, a fighter could bandage his hand, dip it in water and then in plaster of Paris, allow it to harden to the consistency of cement, cover it with light gauze, and then slip a glove over a weapon as dangerous as brass knuckles.

Today only physicians' adhesive tape and gauze are permitted. Nor are fighters allowed to daub their faces and torsos with vaseline, so an opponent's glove will slip off. Irritating delays are prevented by requiring the boxers to be ready to enter the ring immediately on the end of the preceding bout.

A MANAGER or second may not toss in a towel, the signal of defeat, today. This ruling was adopted after Paddy Roche, manager of Kid Sullivan, the junior lightweight champion, threw in a towel and Ted Morgan won the bout and title. Thereafter the referee was given sole discretion as to the fighter's condition.

For the prevention of dishonesty, in this era of mammoth betting, the commission has adopted a splendid rule. Say the first preliminary contest is scheduled for 8:30 o'clock in the evening at one of the licensed clubs—and no other clubs can operate.

At seven o'clock three or four referees and three or four judges appear at the arena. They have been notified by messenger or telephone a short time before. Upon reaching the club they are herded into a room under the watchful eye of a deputy commissioner or inspector. They are not allowed to leave the room and no message is permitted to reach them.

At 8:25, still in custody of the deputy, they troop down to the ring to certain seats removed from newspaper men and others present in a professional way. Not one of the referees or judges knows if he is to work that night. A moment or so before the boxers reach the ring, one of the three commissioners nods to a referee and two judges and they take their places. At the end of the bout they remain where they are and work in the second match, unless they are beckoned to by a commissioner and others are substituted.

Sometimes one set of officials may act for several preliminaries and be recalled or changed for the main event. No human being can possibly know who is to be called except the commissioner himself. It seems to me that it is obvious that nobody can "get to" the referee to influence his conduct in the ring; and if he could be "got to," they'd still have to get to the judges, with the eyes of the whole world on them!

I assert, therefore, that boxing is absolutely honest in New York. Of course the boxers could arrange a fake, but I venture to say that fouls or the pulling of punches or the other methods whereby a boxer agrees to lose and does lose would be almost immediately apparent to the skilled referee, and he could nip the fraud instantly by throwing them both out of the ring.

I'LL give you an example of conditions today. A moment before they entered the ring I was ordered to officiate as referee for the contest in Madison Square Garden between Jack Sharkey and Jack Delaney.

There was tremendous interest in this fight, for from it and one or two other heavyweight elimination tests a contender was to be selected to meet Jack Dempsey, the winner of that match to meet Champion Tunney. There was not only tremendous public interest—the Garden was packed that night—but there was likewise tremendous interest in the gambling fraternity.

For days before the engagement the air was filled with rumors that the thing was in the bag. One rumor said Delaney was to lay down. Another said that Sharkey was to take a flop. Another rumor had it that the referees had been taken care of. All rumors ended in the claim that a tremendous betting coup was under way, the voluntary loser to profit handsomely.

Years ago a fighter could dip his bandaged hand in water and then in plaster of Paris.

Of course I had heard all these rumors, as had everybody else; and I have always been grateful to the commission for selecting me to handle the bout.

When I called the men to the center of the ring, I could feel the terrific tension surging through the vast throng. I gave the boys the usual instructions and wound up with a few remarks along these lines:

"Now listen to me just a moment, you two. I've heard a lot of cracks about how this fight is on ice, and that one of you is going to take it on the chin. You needn't say anything, either of you, because I don't know whether it is true and I don't care, and it's too late now to talk it over. But let me tell you both something—the bird that goes down under a wallop had better be tucked away for the night, for if I see any prop falls I'll pull you up off the floor with my own hands until you are rocked to sleep for keeps. So don't go down unless you're really chilled. Now, back to your corners and come out fighting."

I have no way of knowing whether any agreement was ever made between the men or their handlers before the fight, and it doesn't make much difference now. I do know that when the gong rang, Sharkey raced across the ring; that Delaney stood holding the ropes for a moment, with his back to his opponent; and that when he turned Sharkey tossed one across that almost tore the head off the Bridgeport boxer.

It was all over in less than two minutes, with Delaney knocked out. And he was knocked out. He was dead to the world when Sharkey bounced him off the floor the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[INSIDE THE ROPES WITH LOU MAGNOLIA]
Continued from page fifty-five

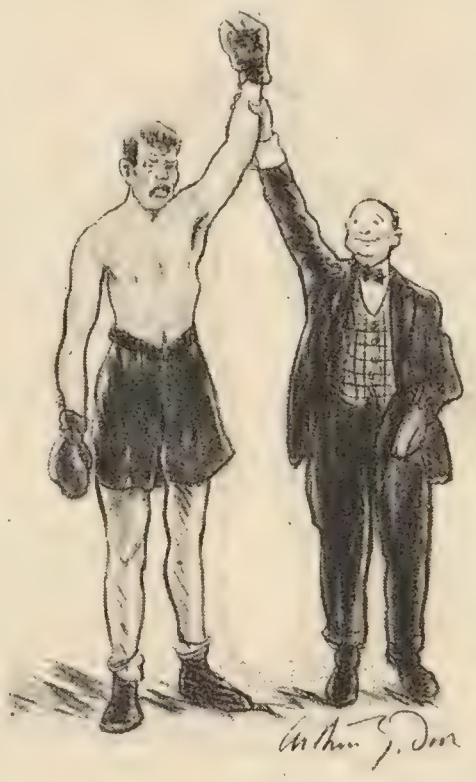
last time. His eyes were protruding, his tongue was hanging out, and he was unconscious. Sharkey slithered along the ropes to his own corner and suddenly, to the surprise of everybody, began to weep violently! The reaction, I guess.

Anyhow, regardless of all the rumors, the knockout was genuine.

I first met Tex Rickard back in 1917, soon after he promoted the fight between Champion Jess Willard and Frank Moran in the old Madison Square Garden. Things at the Garden weren't prosperous. Nobody ever had been able to make the place pay, except Rickard. But Tex had, for instance, to pay the New York Life Insurance Company, which had taken over the Garden, a monthly rental of $16,666.66.

Frank Coultry, for many years Rickard's secretary, asked me to help take hold of things with the title of assistant superintendent. I agreed, and from that day until he died I never had a written contract with Rickard, and it was not necessary for anybody to have one.

Rickard was good for anything he said. His nod was his bond. He never asked me, or anybody else that I know of, to do a shady thing, much less a dishonest one. He backed me faithfully as long as I worked for him, and he accepted my reports without question.



I raised Tunney's hand after the match ended.

The first thing I did was to put on a great sports carnival. We had bicycle races, the circus, trap shooting, motorcycle races, fly casting, swimming contests, amateur boxing bouts. The sporting goods manufacturers and stores came in with exhibits.

I refereed a number of bouts in the old Garden, but in the light of what has followed, the one I probably recall most vividly was the last championship fight ever held there. It was between Gene Tunney and Harry Greb. They had met before and Greb had handed Tunney a terrific lacing. He was again meeting Greb in the hope of taking his American light-heavyweight title.

I gave the boys their instructions in a dressing room. Tunney asked me to watch Greb for fouls, for heeling with the butt of the palm, for backhanding in clinches, for poking thumbs in eyes, and the like. Greb stood there laughing. When I nodded my head, Red Mason, Greb's manager, turned to Gene and sneered:

"Any chump that lets himself get all tangled up ought to be socked in the puss!"

THE fight was a bitter one, and Tunney concentrated his counterattack on Greb's midsection. Greb was his usual wild, arm-whirling, glove-swinging, bounding self, and he punished Tunney considerably around the face. But Tunney slowly wore him down. The judges and I gave him the decision.

The first time I saw Tunney he met Fay Kaiser at the Steeplechase Athletic Club at Rockaway Beach, and I was the referee. This was in 1922. The match was for ten rounds and I raised Tunney's hand after it ended.

I look back today on that contest and reflect that I never saw a prize fighter who looked less like a potential world's champion. He simply didn't have a fighter's heart—and yet he usually won. He was solely a counterfighter, a clever big fellow who leaned backwards all during the bout, and shot his fists through openings left by more aggressive adversaries.

Two days after he knocked out Georges Carpentier on July 24, 1924, I was surprised to see him step on to my porch in Far Rockaway and ring the bell. He had come to visit me, and of course he came for a purpose. I prefer not to disclose it; but it was on business and entirely honorable. I had to refuse his request, and he stayed as my guest for two days, trying to persuade me to change my mind.

I let him have my Knight of Columbus basketball suit to use as a bathing outfit. I live half a block from the ocean, and we spent many hours on the beach. He ate at my table and he slept in my bed and I was glad to have him with me and my family for the two days.

FINALLY he departed. Several years later he was heavyweight champion of the world. A great dinner was arranged, an affair called the Champions' Banquet. Rickard was there as the champion promoter, Bobby Jones as the champion golfer, Bill Tilden as the king of tennis. There were great hockey players and Babe Ruth and billiard wizards and other famous sports leaders. They were good enough to ask me to come as the representative of the referees.

They all made speeches, short, somewhat self-conscious talks about their own lines. But not Gene. His speech was neither short nor self-conscious. He launched into an oration on prize fighting, starting back with the Roman legions and gladiators and the cestus and swords and so on. He came on up through the ages, pausing interminably at every way station to describe the progress of fighting and the evolution of the art, until it blossomed after twenty centuries in Gene Tunney.

The reporters had a terrific struggle, first, to understand from his long words what he was talking about, and, second, to make notes so they could write a story about it. Indeed, Don Skene, the brilliant fight writer of the New York Herald Tribune, started to phone in a synopsis of Tunney's speech, and he heard the rewrite man in the office turn to Harry Cross, sports editor, and say: "By jeez, Don's drunk and can't even talk!"

"Well," I said to myself, "Gene's going good; but anyhow I'll be glad to shake the old boy's hand."

I approached him after his great speech, where we all sat along the speakers' table, and held out my hand. I was shocked. Tunney stared at me, rose slowly from his seat, half concealed a yawn, fixed his gaze on a spot above my head, and extended a languid hand. As I grasped it, he spoke, his tones starting somewhere near his tonsils:

"Oh, yes, Lou, how awe you, how's the family—ah, yes, so good to've seen you. Good night."

Well, naturally, everybody has a right to live the life he likes best. I've no fault to find with Tunney because he shed the boxing racket as a snake sheds its skin when it's through with it.

He stepped in; lasted a mediocre moment or two; gathered in a million dollars or so, and stepped out.

Next week, in the concluding instalment of Mr. Sutherland's story of his career, Lou Magnolia will discuss the famous "long count" of the Dempsey-Tunney fight at Chicago.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

We Should Say Not

On a visit to a friend's ranch my small son, being shown the watermelon patch, asked, "Do your watermelons have plugs?"—Mrs. Ted Salm, 1360 Farris Ave., Fresno, Calif.

* * *

Sign Language

Jean was enthusiastic over her first day at school. I asked what she had learned, and she said to spell her name. Of course I wanted to hear her, but she replied: "Didn't you see me wink?"—Betty J. Poulton, Blossom Heath Road, Dayton, Ohio.

"St. Michael's cannon awoke us at dawn. I saw Yvonne's face at my window."

The Rake and the Hussy

A Romance of High Hearts and Dangerous Days

By

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

"JOSHUA," Naia Strayling said to me, "you don't need to tell me what is your peril. For God's sake, hoist your sail and go."

"I couldn't go until after dark," I answered. "Darling girl, would you dare chance an escape tonight?"

But she had no liberty at night, she told me. We must await a better opportunity.

Here was war—the War of 1812. The place was Pensacola, under British dominance. I was an American officer, disguised as a fisherman. Naia, the maiden of my heart, was an American detained against her will. She was the alleged wife of that unspeakable English cur, Fox Vulper.

Before the outbreak of hostilities she had run away from a French school where her grandad had placed her, and had appeared in England in the care of Lady Vulper. Fox Vulper, that she-devil's brother-in-law, learning that Naia was an heiress, first reduced her to semiconsciousness by strong drink or drugs, and then was married to her. I, though in England at the time, knew nothing of this sorry business.

When war was declared Naia and I escaped to New York together. There her indignant grandad disowned her. She refused my offer of marriage, but in the rôle of my spouse went to war with me, my cool and fearless companion.

In Mobile, Fox Vulper again crossed her horizon. He was a prisoner on parole. Then it was I learned of the treacherous marriage. I determined to finish him in a duel, but the rat broke his parole, escaped to Pensacola, and managed to abduct Naia.

As she pretended to buy fish of me, we evolved a plan. When our army should appear before Pensacola she was to take refuge with the woman who did her laundry—black Yvonne—at the resort called the Black Pearl. There I was to find Naia.

Now, as she left me, I went to the Black Pearl to consult with Yvonne and await darkness.

PART THIRTEEN—ATTACK AND DEFENSE

ALL day long I sat in the pleasant shadows, thinking of Naia, while the crimson cardinal birds sang and fluttered from branch to branch overhead, and the pretty little ground doves flashed in and out of the garden.

Toward dusk Yvonne fetched me an omelette and fried

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from preceding page]

fish and a salad of doucette. This with a bottle of sauterne was an exquisite dinner; but I could not induce her to accept a penny for it; and she laughed at me and, looking down still laughing, lightly caressed my hair and cheek.

"When you done ma'y my pretty missy, suh, be so ve'y kind to con'scend fo' to sen' me one petit morceau cake, suh."

"Wedding cake," I nodded. "And maybe, when the war ends, you'll come and live with us in the North, Yvonne."

She smiled, smoothed my hair as though I had been a child.

"I see my missy' face, suh, when she look at you down by ole ma'ket stair. 'Pears lak my missy in love along o' you, suh—pourtant—dat what her big grey eyes was atellin' you. Marie, Mère de Dieu!—dataway all girl mek love when dey don't say a word."

"Yvonne," said I, "your speech is different from any I ever heard. What are you?"

"Baratarian, suh. I speak Spanish, French, English, Orleans patois, Minorcan, Spanish-Seminole."

She laughed, went in, and fetched out a guitar.

"I gwine sing you song, suh:

"C'est Michié Cayétane
Qui sorti la Havane
Avec so chouals et so macacs!—"

She sang in a lovely voice of velvet, her great eyes alight like twin black stars:

"Pou' di tou'. Ça mo pas capabe—
Yé pas montré pou' la négrail
Qui ya pou' dochans-dos-brulés
Qui ménein la tous p'tis yé
'Oir Michié Cayétane
Qui vivé la Havane
Avec so chouals et so macacs!"

Then she sang:

"Pauvre piti' Mamzel Zizi
Li gagnin doulor, doulor, doulor,
Li gagnin doulor dans cœur a li!—"

And then the lovely, heartbreaking:

"Lizette quitté la plaine.
Mon perdi bonheur à moué
Gié à moin semble fontaine,
Dipi mon pas moué toué—"

And she sang the Chanson Boscoyo, and Céleste, and San Dominguais, her guitar throbbing in the gathering dusk and her great, depthless eyes brooding mysteries.

BUT now there were voices; people began to enter the patio—gaudily dressed soldiers of the black West Indian Regiment, slovenly Spanish soldiers, Canary Islanders, Minorcan fishermen, and negro girls—quadroons, half-breeds, pure blacks with supple figures and bare feet, wearing gorgeous shawls across their naked waists and breasts.

It was a poor resort for humble folk—fishermen, common soldiers, and negroes; but there was much decorum in speech and manner—politeness, soft voices, low, musical laughter.

Rum, however, was likely to change all that at any moment to a turbulent whirl of fiery ferocity and knife play. I knew that these were but gracefully moving and softly purring panthers, and that anything might set them snarling at one another's throats.

There was guitar and fiddle music and dancing under the trees—Spanish dancing and some waltzing. A young negro girl, later, all in white, danced alone to the rhythm of a drum, not moving her naked feet at all, merely her haunches and body. After a little her garments slid from her, leaving her naked in the starlight, writhing like a cobra.

A West Indian soldier sprang from his table and began to dance opposite her in the same manner, not touching her at all but following every undulation of her sinuous dark body, and mimicking every gesture of her swaying arms.

Everybody was singing, now, in a kind of shouting chant, and I think the words—if not mere meaningless syllables—must have been African.

Yvonne stooped beside me, her lips close to my ear:

"You go now, Michié. Come again when missy wait fo' you 'long of Yvonne de la Perle Noire."

I slipped out through the noise—drumming, chanting, rising excitement, and gained the Street of the Singing Cat.

The town was in darkness. There was not a soul to be seen in the market place, nobody on the wharfs.

I untied my painter, cast off, hoisted sail, and stood for the inlet, taking my bearings from the riding lights at sea and the battle lanterns burning on Barancas.

LORD, what a great sprawling war this was! A thousand miles north we were fighting amid the ice and snow of Canada. A thousand miles to the east, British fleets were desolating the Atlantic seaboard from Maine to Georgia. West of us New Orleans, Mobile, and Baton Rouge awaited onslaught from a coming fleet and army. And yet, all told, all these armies fighting over thousands of miles, scarcely equalled a single division of Bonaparte's vast cohorts.

As I sailed I thought of these things. No guard boats, no patrols from the anchored warships discovered me; no gun from Barancas alarmed the utter silence brooding over the great gulf.

Stars blazed, and finally waned. I ate and drank. Dawn whitened as I passed in the sandy capes; and the sun blazed above the sea when I shouted for entrance at the postern.

When I told Lawrence how easy it was to enter Pensacola he was astonished and a trifle mortified.

I laid before him all my information and sent a boat up to Mobile with full despatches for General Jackson.

On November 3 the boat returned with orders for me to fetch my riflemen to Stone River, ford it, take the east fork of the Perdido, and keep out videttes until they came into contact with his dragoons.

He had left Mobile with four thousand infantry and cavalry on the first of the month; left Fort Montgomery on November 3; would pass the Perdido early on the fifth; and be before Pensacola on the evening of the sixth.

At this news my Leather-legs filled the fort with their cheering, and there was a scramble for saddles and rations and ammunition—the regulars looking on with envy—and in a little while we rode out of the postern swinging our caps up to the gunners who generously cheered us in return and wished us luck with the Dons.

For a while we galloped along the bay, then struck off to the northeast, riding hard for Stone River. The water was low everywhere and all sloughs unusually dry so that the alligators crawled from some and the gar died, and only snakes were left. Everywhere in the canebrake and sloughs we saw tracks of great turtles across the mud, making for other regions, tracks of alligators and crocodiles, but never a moccasin track.

Somehow the Seminoles had got wind of the coming danger. General Jackson, who had cut the Creek Confederacy to ribbons, was coming, and the Seminoles had no intention of awaiting him. So we did not see a single Indian until we were crossing the headwaters of the east branch of the Perdido; and here a dozen mounted savages rode out of the woods and flung up their arms with the palms of their hands turned toward us.

They were nearly naked, painted white and scarlet, and wore odd-shaped, small turbans of red from which shocks of crimson plumes tumbled to their shoulders.

I rode forward with the Black Cat to parley, and very quickly discovered them to be Chocktahs of Jackson's flanking party, sent out to look for us.

And now we came in sight of horsemen, flung far out ahead and on either flank; and by their helmets and jackets I recognized them as Mississippi dragoons of Hinds' regiment.

Joe Barse and the Black Cat rode with the gorgeously painted Chocktahs, talking volubly in the sign language. Also they had discovered among these Creeks—or cousins to the Creeks—a Souriquois. How he got here nobody could explain; and he wouldn't; but he was in his paint, and there he was fraternizing with his Northern confrère, the Black Cat, and making out to exchange opinions with Barse, also, in a jargon of which I understood not a word.

Hinds' dragoons—old acquaintances of our Leather-legs—waved cordial greetings to us; and I rode over and shook hands with Major Hinds who told me that the column was coming along very swiftly; that four small regiments of regulars, United States infantry, mounted, formed the center—the Third, Thirty-third, Thirty-ninth, and Forty-fourth; that the left wing was composed of Tennessee mounted militia, and the main body of Chocktah Indians; that the right wing embodied Tennessee mounted rifle volunteers, and more Indians, under Major Kennedy.

"My dear sir," said he, "Andy Jackson is in a boiling rage because he thinks that Spaniard Manrequez has trifled with his dignity, and there's nothing in heaven or earth that can keep him out of Pensacola tomorrow!"

I laughed and asked him for news of the outside world.

"The news," said he, "is as rotten as what made Denmark stink. Ross and Admiral Cockburn beat us at Bladensburg, took Washington, burned the Capitol, White House, and Library of Congress. We drove 'em from Baltimore, but they've harried the whole coast, and are now on their way here to help ruin New Orleans."

The shameful news left me enraged and silent.

"IN the North," said he, "we gave the redcoats a good fight at Plattsburg and beat 'em on Lake Champlain. In fact, we gave them several lively beatings along the frontier, I hear. But, oh, Lord!—our militia ran like rabbits at Bladensburg, and the British chased Jimmy Madison and his Dolly out of Washington! What disgrace! What an ass is Armstrong! He'll have to resign, of course. What a President! What a Cabinet! It's all like a bad dream—and New England turned traitor. And all I say is, God bless old New York that stands back of Government like a rock!—and so does the South and Southwest. I don't ever want to hear the names of Connecticut and Massachusetts again!"

I was horribly chagrined and mortified. I could scarcely bear the idea of our nation's Capitol being taken and burned.

We rode on for a while together, Hinds very voluble about the great men of the past and the little men of today, and how Tom Jefferson had begun it all and was even a worse President than he was a poet. Washington, Hamilton, Franklin were with the gods on Olympus, and the Madisons and Burrs and Armstrongs and Wilkinsons were running about among the ruins of a temple built by giants.

"Well, damn my eyes and gizzard," he said, "we must do what we can to make up for all this infamy, major. A Pensacola pill to purge poltroonery!"

He roared at his own jest, and, saluting me, galloped off to his dragoons.

I could see the column, now, raising a huge dust as it came on. My Leather-legs were riding on the right flank, not far out; and presently an aide-de-camp found me, and I followed him to the general who was riding with Major Pierre at the head of a very gorgeous staff.

At this news my Leather-legs filled the fort with their cheering.

General Jackson acknowledged my salute and gave me a dry look.

"SO you got a spy into Pensacola after all, major," said he.

"Yes, general."

"Who was he?"

"I went myself, sir."

"Well, I'm damned," said he. Then he laughed. "In your report you simply said that you had sent a man in. Most officers who do such things are not backward in mentioning it."

"It was very easy, sir."

"Yes—a hanging affair, too."

I said nothing.

"By the Eternal," said he fretfully, "must you be humbly entreated to accept a brevet, sir? Modesty is virtue; zeal is, too. Both can be senseless—yes, even damnable, sir. Why, I had to reprimand the Kentucky mounted rifles for desperate bravery which was unnecessary! I scolded them, sir, and I told their officers what I thought of their senseless behaviour! And so I reprove you, sir, for not reporting to me that you yourself went alone into Pensacola for information."

"Your letters drove me to it, sir."

"Did they?" He laughed. "Well, you're the kind of officer that suits me, Major Brooke, and I mean that you shall have your brevet."

I thanked him in a low voice, deeply moved.

Behind us the troops seemed to be in a cheerfully sentimental humour. They sang songs about Tennessee, about home, and the war, and Andy Jackson.

The mounted rifles, riding directly behind us, sang a plaintive, Spanish-sounding song called Pensacola:

"Why did I roam
Away from home,
While you were near,
In Pensacola?

"Why did I leave
You there to grieve,
Lolita, dear,
In Pensacola?

"I long for you, I long for home,
Where Santa Rosa's surges foam.
How for my sin can I atone,
While you're alone
In Pensacola?"

II

WE went into line of battle, about sunset, two miles from Pensacola; and the general, losing no time, was pleased to send me into the town with a flag and a written summons to Governor Manrequez.

Enchanted with my mission I galloped off, followed by

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Into the main street we dashed, and were met by a blast from a two-gun battery planted in the roc

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page fifty-nine]

a trumpeter of dragoons and a trooper carrying a white flag on a lance. But no sooner were we in range of St. Michael's Fort than, bang! went their cannon and a round shot came wailing over us.

No use waving our flag of truce at them; bang! came another round shot which made our horses rear.

Amazed at such an outrage I sat my saddle, looking stupidly at the fort; and it took another shot at us without delay, hitting a palmetto tree to the right.

"Come on!" said I in a rage, "for they mean to murder us here!"

So we turned tail to annihilation and cantered back.

It was quite dark when we arrived at headquarters. I thought the general would fly into a fury, but he seemed puzzled.

"Spaniards," said he, "are proverbially polite. The dragoons caught a Spanish prisoner a little while ago. I think I'll send him in for explanations."

So we mounted this boyish Spanish lieutenant and sent him in on parole to ask Manrequez the reason of such discourtesy.

He came back toward midnight saying that the Spanish Governor disclaimed all knowledge of the insult to the flag; that the English were garrisoning St. Michael's Fort, and that the commandant there, Captain Fox Vulper, was responsible.

So our general sent Major Pierre in with another flag, about midnight. He returned before dawn. He had seen Manrequez who refused to give up the forts and politely bade us do our worst.

"By the eternal and almighty Jehovah!" thundered Andy Jackson, "I write no more letters to Spaniards!"

And he ordered the drums to beat.

WE marched before dawn. At sunrise Major Hinds made a demonstration to deceive Fort St. Michael and the ships off Barancas, while the column entered the forest to the east and started on a trot toward the sandy beach along the bay.

Before we could haul our light field guns over the deep sand of the eastern beach, Spanish skirmishers appeared among the dunes and fired on us just as the Mississippi dragoons rode up all in a lather from their clever strategy.

Jackson said to Hinds, and to Captain Laval and to me:

"Take your men forward and chase those Spaniards back into town."

As we rode out among the sandhills, the dragoons and

val's men caught it and we could see them rallying and overwhelming guns and gunners.

my Leather-legs firing from their saddles, we heard the regulars' bugles sounding the charge, and a great cheering on our right.

Then our old conch-horn blew the charge, and the bugles of the dragoons on our left repeated it, and away we went, helter-skelter, cavalry, mounted rifles, infantry, artillery, headed straight for the town.

Into the main street—I forget its name—we dashed, and were met by a blast from a two-gun battery planted in the middle of the road. Laval's men caught it and we could see them staggering and falling, then rallying and overwhelming guns and gunners; and they bawled very lustily for quarter as we galloped in among them. So there was nothing more to do than to make them prisoners.

A terrible tumult broke out in town where we were galloping up one street and down another, chasing Spaniards and trying to avoid terrified civilians.

As General Jackson, with blue eyes ablaze, galloped up the street with his staff, Governor Manrequez came galloping wildly down it at the head of his staff, and under an enormous white flag which flapped in everybody's face.

"Ha!" said he, "a conference! I come! I hasten! There shall be spill no more blood!" (There hadn't been much spilled.) "No! Carramba! Who is so polite to lead me to the noble General Jackson?"

My sweating Leather-legs had surrounded the Governor and his glittering staff. I took off my cap to him; he took off his solid gold chapeau to me. I led his Excellency to General Andrew Jackson.

Governor Manrequez took off his solid gold chapeau to General Jackson. General Jackson took off his gold-laced cocked hat to Governor Manrequez.

"GENERAL," cried Manrequez, "let there be no more blood spill! For why should we struggle longer? Honour is satisfy. Our blood have consecrate our Spanish flag!" He flung wide his arms: "So," said he, "I surrender on condition that you spare the town!"

"Señor Governor," said Jackson drily, "I had no intention of harming your town. All I asked of you was the forts."

"Take them, sare! They are yours. I can no more. I am exhaust. Permit, sir, how I take my leave now. I prepare to embark my troops. I go."

They took off their hats to each other, then, and for the last time. Major Hinds galloped up to say that the British had evacuated Fort St. Michael, and that the Barancas, too, seemed to be evacuated, for the English flag had been hauled down, and boats from the ships were plying between it and the fleet.

Jackson gave us all a sickly and disgusted look.

"Good God, gentlemen," said he, "this is not my notion of storming a fortress."

We dared not laugh. One of our infantry bands began to play at the head of its regiment. The town rang with the President's March.

Major Hinds said to me: "The apotheosis of Jimmy Madison."

Our foot regiments began to march into the town now. Hinds went off with his dragoons toward Barancas. There seemed to be no further fighting to do.

So, leaving my Leather-legs with Ben Glimming, I spurred across town and came, presently, into the Street of the Singing Cat.

The green door in the wall was shut. I rapped on it loudly. After a little while it opened and black Yvonne stood calmly gazing at me.

For a moment she did not recognize me in my uniform. Then her dark face grew beautiful with its smile, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page sixty-one]

she took my hand and drew me into the green dusk of the veranda where a shadowy white shape sprang from a hammock and flung two desperate arms around my neck.

"Oh, darling," Naia whispered, "I have been so afraid. I heard the cannon firing in the streets, and the rush of horses. Is it over? Were you hurt?—"

"No, no. Scarcely anybody has been hurt. How did you get here?"

"St. Michael's cannon awoke us at dawn in our beds on Ste. Rose. While Sir John and Lady Clipperton were dressing by candlelight I saw Yvonne's face at my window, and I knew our army had summoned Pensacola. I let her in through the garden. She had fetched a hamper; and we threw everything I had into it and slipped out behind the hibiscus hedge to the water where her canoe was moored. I lay down flat; St. Michael's was firing; the sky reddened with the flash of the discharges. I could hear the drums on the warships beating to quarters, and see rockets rising from the Barancas.

"When we landed, artillery were galloping through the town and bugles blew wildly from St. Michael's. And that's all, darling—until I heard the Spanish cannon firing in St. Philip Street and the galloping roar of the American horses—"

"Yvonne," I said, "is she safe here? We are going to storm the Barancas fortress—"

A tremendous explosion rocked the ground under us. I ran out to the gate.

Mississippi dragoons were galloping wildly in every direction.

One of their lieutenants shouted to me that the British had just blown up Fort Barancas, and the fleet was standing out to sea.

As I climbed into my saddle I saw Naia and Yvonne at the gate.

"It's all over," I called out to Naia; "they've blown up the fortress and their ships are leaving the bay. We'll be marching to New Orleans, now. Pack up, darling, and wait for me here."

"Oh, Joshua," she cried, "did you think to bring my trunks and boxes and clothes from Mobile?"

"I did. They're safe in Fort Bowyer, and you'll have them by morning."

Naia ran out to the sidewalk; I bent over, and we kissed.

"What an amazing husband you are going to be," she said breathlessly. "I'm quite mad about you, darling, and crazy to begin our honeymoon at Cock-Crow Hall—"

III

TO tell you anything about what now is known as the Battle of New Orleans is extremely difficult.

In this sprawling, helter-skelter, vague series of events which our children and their descendants will call the War of 1812, there was—except at sea—scarcely anything definite enough to be called a battle.

Three major combats and many minor ones, and all occurring within the space of two weeks, might perhaps be known as a battle.

The results of the battle had no influence upon the war because it was fought after the peace had been signed at Ghent, though no news of it had yet arrived in America.

All that this series of combats accomplished was to save—perhaps—the city of New Orleans from pillage, outrage, and destruction, and to inflict upon a British army one of the most terrible punishments ever administered by any body of men under arms.

And to publish to a disinterested and cynically weary world the fact that Andy Jackson was a born soldier and, perhaps, a great one.

. . . . .

England, in her majestic might, menaced the pretty Creole city of New Orleans.

Three hundred ships of war had sailed to take her.

Fourteen thousand veteran regular soldiers, that had defeated Bonaparte, besieged the quaint old city.

These were the Fourth and Seventh foot, Fourteenth light dragoons, Twenty-first fusileers, the Fortieth, Forty-third, Forty-fourth, and Eighty-fifth light infantry; the magnificent Ninety-third Highlanders, the Ninety-fifth rifles, the First and Second West India, the Sixty-second foot, the Rocket Brigade with artillery; a division of Royal Marines, and two thousand sailors from the warships, all completely equipped and prepared to make a professional end of the damned Yankee.

We were galloping up one street and down another, chasing Spaniards.

A GALLANT, chivalrous, veteran general in the prime of life commanded the finest army ever assembled in America—Sir Edward Packenham—God rest his soul!

But the position of this splendid army was terrible, for the men in it lay eighty miles away from their supplies, crowded upon a narrow tongue of swampy land below the city, hemmed in by the vast river on their left and by three hundred miles of impenetrable morass and forest on their right.

They could not retreat; there were not enough boats to take them to their ships where three admirals lay awaiting their cue to batter everything to fragments under their guns.

What this army faced was a line of muddy intrenchments stretching for a mile across the neck of land from the river to the swamp, in front of which was a ditch or canal about fifteen feet wide. A semicircular and two flanking batteries completed our defense. The parapets of this trench were reinforced by boards and stakes, and, here and there, into the gun embrasures, a few bags of cotton had been rammed as supports.

Behind this parapet lay a few thousand American regulars, volunteers, and militia; but chiefly, behind it, sat General Andy Jackson in his gold-laced saddle, contriving mischief.

On the 28th of December he fell like a mad panther upon the British lines and destroyed half a thousand veteran troops.

On that foggy New Year's Day of 1815 he smote old England again, and frightfully, blasting away parapets of sugar hogsheads with the terrific fire of his artillery, and fairly blowing the astonished and wretched regiments into their own rear lines.

I never supposed that so fierce a fire as that which first swept us from the British guns could be so instantly extinguished; for the air blazed with their Congreve rockets; round shot and shell rained on our works; and their musketry tore our parapet.

The splendid band of a Louisiana regiment had been playing at headquarters. I remember they were just beginning to play a beautiful Creole waltz when the first British gun went off.

I had been detailed to our general's staff, and we all were sitting our horses around Macarty's house, expecting no such cannonade, when the British storm burst on us and a hundred shells and round shot tore that house to splinters, sending general and staff scampering.

Never have I heard the British gunners cheer as they were cheering now, poor devils. But the wild, deafening cheering that burst from our riflemen, and the swelling roar of their rifle fire drowned all else until extinguished, in turn, by the earth-rocking discharges of our artillery swelling into a single unbroken and awful explosion.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

Bois Dormant
HOUBIGANT
PRÉSENTE
Bois
Dormant
(ENCHANTED WOODLAND)
A parfum that lures and lingers, not only in memory but actually. For days its fragrance clings, charming and enticing
♦ ♦
Priced $5, $9 and $16 the flacon. Face Powder, $1.
AND . . . FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF MADAME, HOUBIGANT INTRODUCES BOIS DORMANT IN THE PURSE SIZE FLACON AT $1

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

What a New Year's Day!—and death the gifts from Anglo-Saxon brother to brother through the unending hell of flame and smoke. The stillness afterward was frightful.

There was no more fighting for a week.

I had been sent into New Orleans to aid our provost-marshal in keeping order. For there was insubordination among some inhabitants—resentment against martial law—and even treachery; and our police caught negroes pasting treasonable placards on walls, and proclamations from the British admiral and the commander-in-chief, urging New Orleans to refuse aid to the Yankee and await liberation and the benefits of British occupation, not now to be long delayed.

So I had my hands full in the city where, in the Vieux Carré, Naia and I lived in a little house near the cathedral and Place d'Armes, and convenient to the provost in the Cabildo and to 106 Royal Street, General Jackson's headquarters in the city.

It was a pretty house, and, in spite of the unusually raw weather, the garden remained delightful with its orange and lemon trees and its tall magnolias in full and glistening foliage where red birds twittered.

I now had my brevet as lieutenant-colonel; and it was here that I inspected the Louisiana troops in their gay uniforms—Planché's lively Creole regiment, the carabineers, the Blues, Guibert's chasseurs, St. Gemé's dragoons, Beale's rifles, and the St. Domingo battalion—men of colour—under Major D'Aquin.

If their uniforms were a trifle gaudy and extravagant, nevertheless here were gallant men, radiant with courage and good humour.

For it was a French city, French in blood, custom, and thought; Nicholas Girod was mayor; General Labattut commanded; Major-General Villèré, General Humbert, and Colonel de la Ronde assisted him, and a gallant Mexican officer, Don Juan de Araya, lent experienced aid.

That was a gay review. Bands played, brilliantly uniformed officers caracoled; crowds surged along the levee; windows were flung open and crowded with ladies waving handkerchiefs; pretty quadroons calling out encouragement to the free troops of colour, and a vast concourse—French, Spaniards, negroes, mulattoes, pressing through the streets and keeping step to the splendid marching music of the regimental bands.

THE flag of truce which came in late New Year's Day, with proposals for burying the British dead, carried with it a letter to me from my lord Mordhurst:

DEAR BROOKE,

Your general is not using us very gently. However, war is not the Capuchin kissing game we played at Thanes Close.

This is merely a line to inform you that I have been exchanged and that I am with a West Indian battalion composed of recruits from Martinique, Domingo, Jamaica, and other islands, which also has been recruited from the fragments left of my Third West Indians.

For your private information, Fox Vulper is second in command. He is a miserable specimen of man; not worth a shot from your pistol. The terrific fighting on New Year's Day seems to have demoralized him. He bores me, haunting my tent and telling me that he has led an evil life and is repentant, and that he feels that he will be killed in the next battle.

But what is of real interest to you lies in a confession he blurted out to me that there was no marriage—you understand what I mean—and that not only was the lady unconscious and incapable of understanding, but that it was that whelp, Dr. Grieve, who impersonated the clergyman. I hope it's true. But you never can tell. And he may want me to tell you so that your attorneys may be misled and base their defense on pretended facts that can be proven false. Use your wits and judgment. He's a liar.

I shall be glad when this fighting is ended, and you and I—and your charming lady—can shake hands. Alas, she has no reason to admire me, but I wholly admire her, and hope to have an opportunity to redeem myself.

My compliments to you on your fighting men. None more gallant, sir, or more worthy to meet our own.

If there be any civility I may properly perform for you within our lines, pray command me, my dear fellow,

And believe me,

Very faithfully your friend,

MORDHURST.

I showed this letter to Naia where, the day turning close and warm, we were venturing to dine in our garden.

"I am not his enemy," she said briefly, handing the letter back to me. She had reddened painfully. She said: "I hope it's true about Fox Vulper and me. But Fox is such a liar one dare not trust him. Anyway, he doesn't concern us, and never did."

"HE is what the times and the fashions have made him. So is Mordhurst. And so am I," said I.

"You are very far from being what you were when I first met you," she remarked. "A man like the Prince Regent can poison a whole nation; and a man like Andrew Jackson can purify it."

"He's turned your head by his gallantries and attention," said I, laughing. "Andy Jackson is no saint."

"I'll tell you one thing," said she, "he knows how to love! And that's a saintly thing to know and do."

"Oh, Lord, ma'am, and don't I know how to love, who, God knows, am no saint?"

"You're learning, I hope. . . . Do you suppose that Prinney even suspects what love means—a man with a thousand mistresses?"

She had prepared an orange for me, and now presented it on a plate; and I kissed her fingers that offered it.

"Oh, darling," she said, "I'm sick of war! Are they never going to stop their damned fighting?"

"The real battle has not yet been fought here. . . . I'm tired of it, too, Naia—"

"I'm craving for a sight of Cock-crow Hall," she said.

That made me laugh, but she rebuked me. "I've loved it ever since I loved you—even before I ever saw it," said she. "I desire to make the acquaintance of every foot of lawn, every tree, every chicken, pig, and cow! Now jeer at me—I don't care!"

But I was very deeply touched by her new tenderness for my childhood home for which she had so long pretended aversion.

Sitting there under the magnolias, I drew with a pencil upon the marble table top a map of the entire estate, tracing every meadow, pasture, wood, and brook. And, with our heads together over it, we consulted, discussing future improvements and possible acquisitions.

The brief interval of sunshine after so much rain and cold and fog was delightful; birds sang in the warmth; cheerful sounds came from the streets. New Orleans, now, did not at all seem like a beleaguered city on the verge of assault and pillage; cheery voices called and responded across the streets from neighbours' windows; vendors passing uttered their street cries; blacks shouted light-heartedly to one another.

Only the muffled trample of a passing dragoon patrol, or the nasal challenge of a sentry at the Cabildo reminded one of war, and of how near to us were the vast armaments of England, and of the bloody plain of Gentilly where the English dead lay in windrows, and water stood in a thousand shell pits dug by our terrible artillery.

Four thousand gallant Americans meeting sixteen thousand of Europe's best troops! You'll watch that historic battle in next week's installment of this story. And you'll see how a twist of fate brightened the future for Naia and Brooke.

Farewell to Marianthe

A New For the Love o' Lil

"FIFTEEN minutes! Fifteen minutes!" With a syncopated rat-tat-tat-tat of mighty fist bangs, the warning was bellowed to dressing-room doors. It was breathlessly repeated by girls' snow-white reflections in gleaming wall mirrors. And it echoed through that hushed realm behind the scenes where the lights were blue and amber, and the trembling back drop glistened with a sparkling tower of jewels.

This week's cover picture.

"Have you watched that Marianthe Demetropolos do her stuff?" one stage hand was asking another. "Some toe work!" He lolled à la Grecian maiden on a squashy tiger skin tossed over the golden throne used in Act II, Scene IV.

"Yeah," his Thespian comrade tobacco-chewed. "She'll sign a big contract some day. They say some guy from the Middle West's sponsoring her career."

"Sponsoring? What d'you think she is—a ship? You gimme a pain in the eye." He rose from his throne with the dignity of Cæsar and descended to the crimson flat-bottomed gondola used in Act III, Scene II, there to relax with a tabloid.

"Ten minutes! Ten minutes!" Again the mighty fist shook dressing-room doors and set in motion a pageant of hurrying shadows across the yellow slits of light above the sills.

"Ye gods! And my shoulder strap's busted!" Marianthe wailed to her chorus pals. "Lend me a pin?"

"Take that frat pin on the towel," one girl invited. She was tying a red heart-shaped balloon to her shin. "A bird in Philly gave it to me in a weak moment. You know how it is, dearie?"

Marianthe knew but she was too busy to answer. Only those two fragile shoulder straps of tiniest seed pearls kept her scanty spangled costume from slipping, and she prayed the frat pin would get the point.

"Five minutes! Five minutes!" Again the merciless warning resounded behind the scenes.

"You know I was telling you about that Mr. Jenkins back in my home town?" she asked her chorus pal who was trying to match her left cheek's bloom with that of her right. "Well, he's out front tonight. He sent me a note. I owe my start to him. He gave me two hundred bucks to study at Zieburn's."

"You're lucky," the answer came from behind a wardrobe trunk. "I had to work in a MacDoofunny Coffee Shop to get enough coin for my course."

Snappy Macaroons! The Broadway comedy hit with five acts, twelve scenes, two hundred and two laughs, and the world's most glorious chorus! Rainbows, waterfalls, pigeons riding in carriages, dancing dogs, jeweled windmills, and girls, *girls*, GIRLS!

Sandy had a five-fifty seat in the third row and he'd spent twelve-fifty for a pair of opera glasses. It was his final fling as far as Marianthe was concerned. He was through with office vamps. From now on he was booked for an indefinite run as leading man in the domestic drama called Home, Wife, and Baby.

But his heart sank when the final Snappy Macaroons chorus wove its Oriental steps across the stage. He watched each girl like Columbus spying for land. Ah, there *she* came—there *she* was—there *she* went—

Farewell to Marianthe!

(Next week's cover adventure: Christmas Eve)

COMING SOON

For the Love o' Lil—at your favorite movie theater

what a whale of a difference just a few miles make

YES

and what a whale of a difference just a few cents make

A definite extra price for a definite extra tobacco-goodness

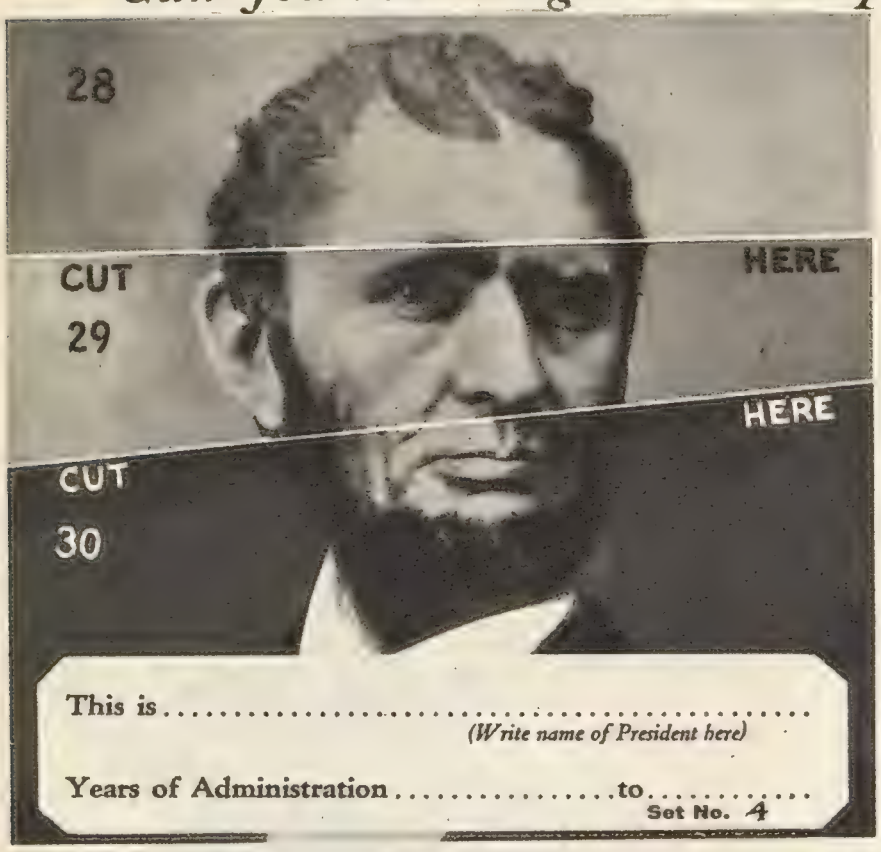
fatima

CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Who Are These Presidents?

Can you rearrange these composite pictures and name them?



THE forehead belongs to a Senator; the eyes and nose are of one whose name was changed; the mouth and chin are of a resident of Indiana, Kentucky, and Illinois.

THE forehead is of one who declined the governorship of Oregon Territory; the eyes and nose are of one who died at New York; the mouth and chin are of an army officer appointed by a Governor.

$25,000 in Prizes

First prize	$5,000
Second prize	1,000
Third prize	500
Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next fifty prizes ($25 each)	1,250
Next 680 prizes ($10 each)	6,800
One Hundred Prizes to Teachers ($100 each)	10,000
TOTAL (835 prizes)	$25,000

THE three composite pictures on this page when cut apart and put together correctly form the pictures of three Presidents of the United States. Can you name them? The Patriotic Game of Presidents is entertaining and educational—and Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes for the best answers, as explained in the rules.

RULES

1—Every week for ten weeks a set of Composite Pictures of Presidents of the United States will be printed in Liberty.

2—Each set of pictures, when cut apart and put together properly, will make complete portraits of American Presidents. The public is invited to assemble the pictures and send them in. Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of pictures.

3—This contest is open to everybody—men, women, boys, and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families. It does not matter where you live.

4—The Composite Pictures may be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture write the name of the President and the years of his administration. (Give only first and last year of administration. For example, Calvin Coolidge, 1923 to 1929.)

5—In all, thirty pictures will be printed—one of each President. Save them until you have the complete set of thirty. Then send them to Presidents, Liberty, Post-office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All pictures must be in by midnight, twenty-one days after Set No. 10 is published. We cannot undertake to return any entries.

6—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

7—Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best.

8—You need not purchase Liberty or cut out the pictures to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals and assemble the pictures from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9—The Judges will be a committee appointed by Liberty. Their decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

THE forehead is of a Cabinet member; the eyes and nose are of a postmaster; the mouth and chin are of one who took part in the battles of Harlem Heights, White Plains, and Trenton.

$10,000 to Teachers

ONE hundred prizes of $100 each will be paid to school-teachers whose pupils make the best records in the Patriotic Game of Presidents. When a child enters the contest he is advised to state the name of the school he attends, the name of his teacher, and the grade.

School-teachers: Get as many of your pupils as possible to participate in this instructive game.

A Set of Presidents' Pictures in Each Issue for the Next Six Weeks

If the roasted goose is to be a beautiful and shapely thing, the trussing (shown above) is of importance.

To serve (see below), place the goose on a large platter close to the carver and with the neck to the left.

Cut the thigh loose, insert the point of the knife in the hip joint, and disjoint by pressing down on the leg.

The CHRISTMAS GOOSE

By
ETHEL SOMERS

WHAT more satisfying to appetites made keen by snappy, snowy weather than the traditional Christmas goose? Especially when stuffed with apple, roasted to a turn, and topped off with mince pie.

Roast Goose

8 to 10 pound goose
¼ cup lemon juice, if desired
1 tablespoon salt
1 cup orange juice or cider

SELECT a goose not more than one year old, with a yellow bill. A red bill is a sign of age. The breast meat should be firm and thick, the breastbone pliable, the feet yellow. Soft down on the legs indicates a young bird. If the upper bill is not pliable the goose is too old.

Singe the goose and remove all pinfeathers. Geese are drawn as is other poultry except that all of the fatty tissues inside are drawn to be used for grease. Wash the goose thoroughly inside and out with hot soda water (one teaspoon soda to one quart water). Wipe dry. If desired, sprinkle inside and out with lemon juice. Sprinkle the inside with the salt. To truss, insert a skewer through the thighs and fasten the legs tightly to the body.

Now draw the loose ends of the drumsticks toward each other until one inch apart and tie with a scalded string. Pull the string ends toward the back of the bird to bring the legs tightly to the body. Fasten the string ends securely to skewers inserted in the thighs and cut off the surplus string. When cutting the neck leave one inch of the skin extended. Tie this shut and skewer it to the back of the bird. Cut off the wings, leaving only the first joint.

Before roasting, examine the goose, and if any signs of age are present steam over boiling water from one to two hours. To roast, sear in a very hot oven (475° F.) for thirty minutes. Then reduce the temperature to 275° F. and continue the roasting uncovered for about three hours. Basting is not necessary, but it improves the flavor. Add the fruit juice to the fat that collects in the roaster and use this for basting, or, if basting is omitted, to pour over the bird just before serving.

Celery Stuffing

3 tablespoons butter or goose fat
¼ to ½ cup chopped onion
1½ quarts diced bread one day old
1½ cups celery, sliced
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 egg
The cooked giblets, chopped

BROWN the onion in the fat. Add the bread crumbs. Stir and brown slightly. Add the other ingredients, blend well, and moisten with liquor from the cooked giblets. Stuff loosely into the dressed bird.

Apple Stuffing

CHOOSE tart apples and chop fine but do not peel unless the peelings are very tough. No seasonings are necessary. Stuff the chopped apple in the cleaned cavity of the bird until it is three-fourths full.

ROAST goose is easily the sovereign of the Christmas menu. Provided, of course, that it is served with tasty and harmonious side dishes. For a complete list of recipes that will blend deliciously with roast goose and add a festive, seasonal tang to your dinner, send for Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. They cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. And—please use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢.

[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]

I inclose.....cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name.....

Street or R. F. D.....

City ... State ... 12-21-29

Oyster Stuffing

2 cups dry bread crumbs
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon minced parsley
½ cup butter melted
2 cups oysters with their liquor
¼ cup lemon juice
The cooked giblets, chopped
2 onions, minced

MIX the ingredients in the order given. If there is not enough liquor on the oysters, add some of the water in which the giblets are cooked. When the whole is blended and bound together, stuff loosely into the dressed bird.

Prune-and-Apple Stuffing

2 cups chopped apples
2 cups chopped prunes

EITHER chop the apples fine or cut into wedges. Do not peel unless the skin is tough. Cover the prunes with boiling water and soak for five minutes; then cut fine, discarding the pits. Mix apples and prunes and stuff the bird three-fourths full, as the fruit mixture swells considerably on cooking.

Carving the Goose

THE platter should be large and (especially) wide. Place the platter close to the carver, with the neck of the bird to the left. The carving tools should be sharp and rather large. A nine-inch carver will serve the best. Insert the carving fork deep into the breast and sever the wing and leg from the body.

To do this, make a circular cut, place the point of the knife blade in the exposed joint, and press down on the leg or wing until the socket is disjointed. Then cut down through the meat surrounding the exposed joint to sever completely.

Only half of the fowl is carved at a time, so that we are now ready to slice the breast.

Beginning over the wing joint and halfway down from the breastbone, cut thin downward slices at a slight angle, until the breastbone is exposed. Inserting the knife in turn under each slice, place one or two slices, together with cuts from the thighs or drumsticks, on each plate; add a spoonful of dressing. Pass the gravy.

Get Relief

Clear *Your Head*

FREE SEND FOR YOUR SAMPLE NOW

TEST the goodness of KONDON'S for cold in head, sinus trouble, nasal catarrh, headache, dry nose, hacking cough, catarrhal deafness, hay fever, rose cold, throat trouble, sore, tired feet, chilblains, sore face from shaving, chapped hands and lips, burns, dusty automobiling and work places. Drug Stores 30c and 60c

KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

An exciting story of the weird mystery and horror that haunted a lonely old country house in North England . . . Don't miss

TARNHELM

by HUGH WALPOLE

NEXT WEEK in LIBERTY!

DANDRUFF

Millions Use Lucky Tiger

for Hair and Scalp and Whyte-Fox (1 and 2) for skin ailments. Ask your barber for Whyte-Fox Medicated Massage. Valuable booklet free on request. Money-Back Guarantee. At *Barbers, Druggists, Beauty Parlors.*

Kansas City, Mo. Dept. E LUCKY TIGER REM. CO.

This **FREE** Banjo Book Shows You the Way to PLEASURE-POPULARITY SUCCESS

Write Now for Your Copy

Gibson Inc.

623 Parsons St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch-hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

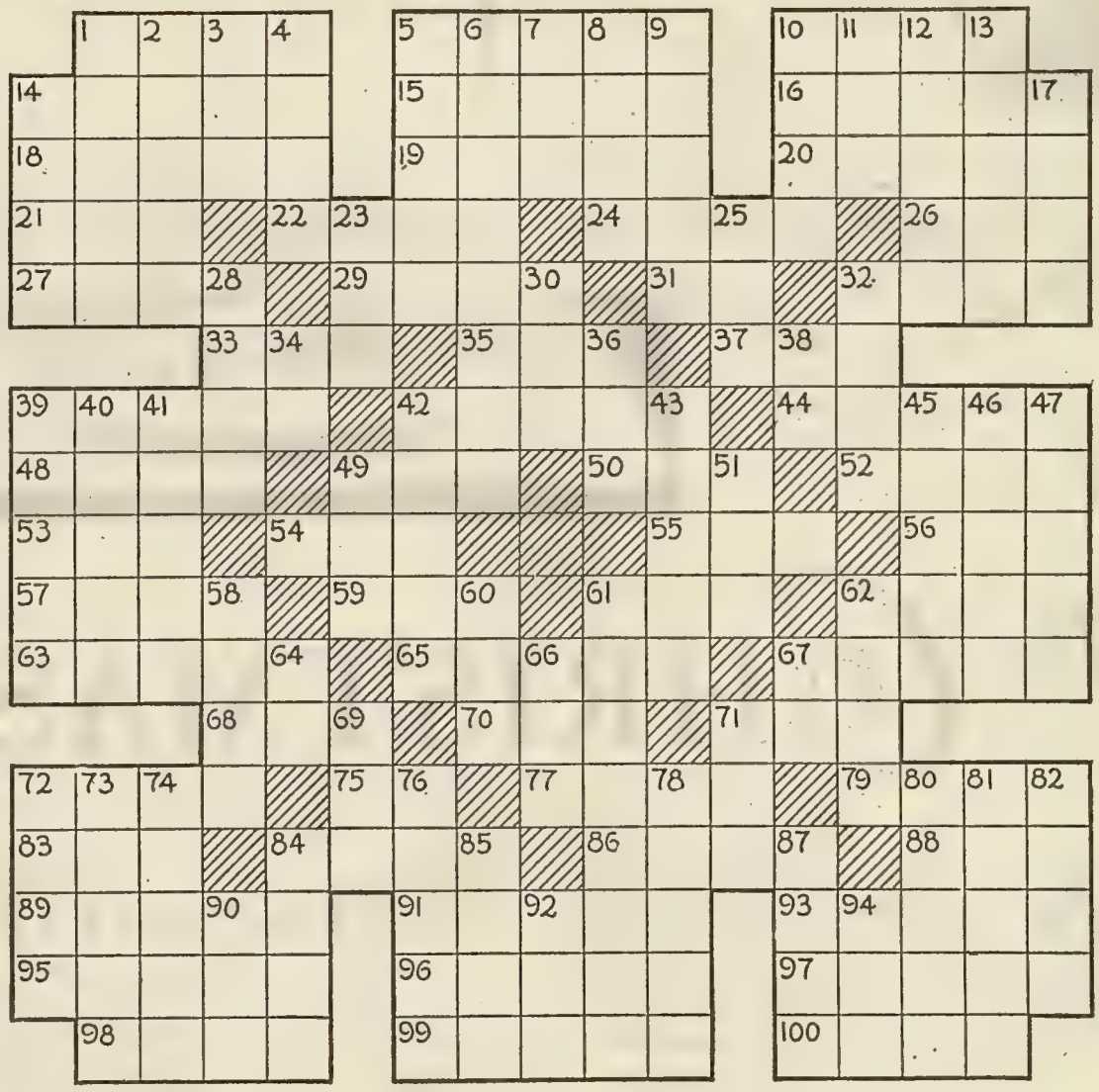
18K GOLD PLATED OR TRIPLE SILVER PLATED

Handsomely finished cigarette lighter, sure fire every time. A wonderful gift or souvenir. May be had with any national emblem, Masons Elks, K. C., etc. In colored enamel at 50c additional. Immediate Delivery. **Send no money, pay postman.** Write for special agency proposition.

$1.50

THE ROSLYN COMPANY, 1328 Broadway, New York City.

Two New Puzzles



HORIZONTAL

1 Pertaining to wings
5 Garden implement
10 Ply the whip
14 Arrange in degrees
15 Comforted
16 Protective covering
18 To tolerate
19 Loud, ringing sound
20 A facial expression
21 Rocky pinnacle
22 Native of Latvia
24 Dispatched
26 Cardinal number
27 Gaelic
29 On the ocean
31 Note of the scale
32 Compass point
33 A conveyance
35 Margin
37 A lixivium
39 Portions of medicine
42 To take exception
44 Invest
48 Part of a stove
49 Couch
50 A color shade
52 A prong
53 Humanity in general
54 A sheep
55 Spirit; vigor
56 Bind
57 Town in England
59 The present
61 Joined
62 Discontinue
63 Becomes withered
65 Plateaus
67 Diving birds
68 An eternity
70 Put on
71 Conflict
72 Dry; barren
75 Over and in contact
77 Openwork fabric
79 Woman's name
83 Japanese coin
84 Desert dweller
86 Talks idly; prates
88 Melody
89 City in Panama
91 More docile
93 Military student
95 Cubic meter
96 Worship
97 Discloses to view
98 Boil
99 Fewest
100 Cysts

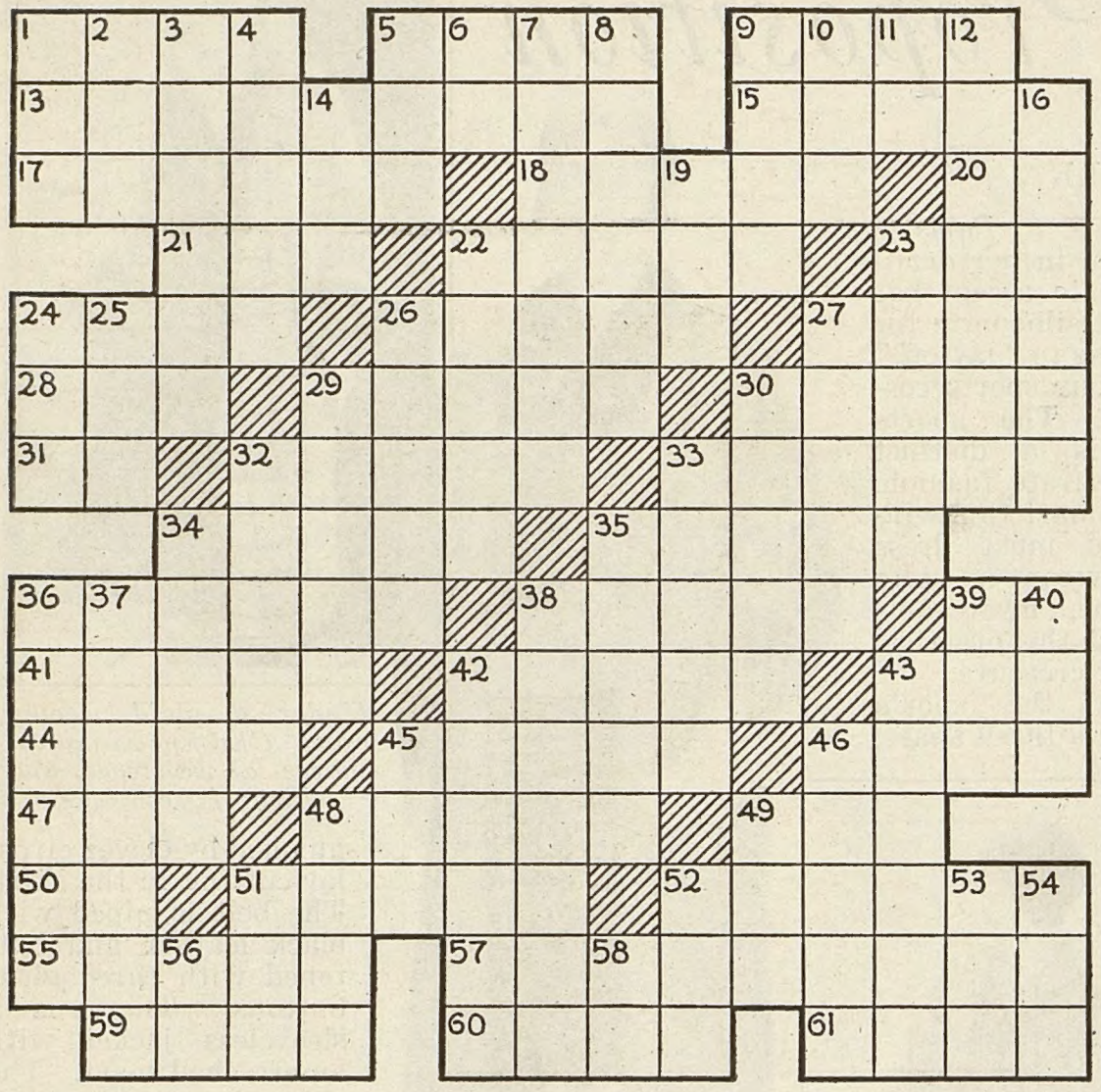
VERTICAL

1 A bower
2 Dens
3 Sum up
4 To wind
5 Factions
6 Equivocated
7 Man's name
8 Resorts of wild beasts
9 Margins
10 Endure
11 Equip with weapons
12 Strike
13 Cavities
14 Portal
17 Torn asunder
23 Bear young, as a sheep or goat
25 Nothing
28 Level
30 To point
32 Departed
34 Like
36 Egyptian deity
38 You
39 Cupolas
40 Elliptical
41 Spanish title of respect
42 A devil
43 Rants
45 The same as before
46 An edible bulb
47 Cries
49 Forbid
51 Parasite's egg
58 Poverty
60 Espouse
61 Conductors or directors of businesses
62 Painful
64 Thus
66 The sun
67 Note of the scale
69 Neither
71 Textile fabric
72 Portions of circles
73 Uproars; tumults
74 Bay or recess
76 Province of the Union of South Africa
78 Mark to indicate an insertion
80 Burdened
81 Mortgages
82 Artifices
84 Afresh
85 Commanded
87 Flat-bottomed boat
90 Crude metal
92 Extinct bird
94 Imitate

S	T	E	W		P	A	R	I	S		E	W	E	S						
S	T	A	G	E		A	D	O	R	E		A	I	L	E	D				
C	O	L	O	N		R	O	V	E	R		S	T	A	V	E				
A	R	E		T	A	I		E	N	A	T	E		T	E	N				
N	E	S	S		N	A	G		E	P	I		S	E	N	T				
			E	S	T	H	E	R		H	E	F	T							
A	R	R	E	A	R		N	Y	E		S	I	R	E	N	S				
N	E	E		M	U	T	T	E	R	S		T	O	R	I	C				
D	E	F	T		M	I	L		M	O	B		P	A	N	E				
E	V	E	R	Y		M	E	R	I	T	E	D		S	E	N				
S	E	R	I	E	S		R	U	N		L	A	T	E	S	T				
			A	T	O	P		B	E	C	A	M	E							
F	A	I	L		F	A	T		S	A	T		D	A	C	E				
A	W	N		S	T	R	U	T		T	E	E		B	A	N				
C	A	N	O	E		A	M	A	Z	E		B	E	A	R	D				
T	R	E	A	T		D	I	N	E	R		B	A	T	E	S				
E	R	R	S			E	D	G	E	S		S	T	E	T					

Answer to last week's puzzle

for Agile Minds



HORIZONTAL

1 Blue dyestuff resembling indigo
5 A narrow woven fabric for strings and the like
9 Indigence
13 Weakened by starving
15 Habituate
17 A sally
18 Cast or throw out
20 City in ancient Babylonia
21 Even
22 Aspect of planets 120 degrees apart
23 An Indian of Tierra del Fuego
24 A fish
26 Puts to bodily anguish
27 Terminates
28 An insect
29 Carry or conduct
30 Series of steps over a fence
31 Indefinite article
32 To hurl or cast
33 Small light boats
34 Shall not
35 Holy book of the Mohammedans
36 Obliquely
38 Bandages or dresses, as a wound
39 Term used in the game of cribbage
41 Small particle of ignited substance
42 Apportions
43 Impair
44 An elongate freshwater fish
45 Rasps
46 Ponder
47 Sooner than
48 North American rail (plural)
49 Confronted
50 Principal deity in Egyptian religion
51 Measure used in expressing the fineness of gold
52 Buccaneer
55 Device for inducing discharge
57 Dynamo
59 Assistant
60 State of bliss
61 Iceberg

VERTICAL

1 Existed
2 One of a tribe of Siouan Indians
3 Seizure; restraint
4 Has the intellect impaired, especially by age
5 Demonstrative word used especially before a noun
6 Arboreal animal of South America
7 Looking narrowly or intently
8 Moving forward gradually
9 Sagacious
10 An insect
11 Letter of the Greek alphabet
12 Cause to revolve
14 Fastening device
16 Expunges
19 Being, in the most abstract sense
22 Corrupt; infect
23 Edible bulb of a plant of the lily family
24 Sound made by a goat
25 Woman's name
26 Stamp or impress with characters
27 Vessel for heating liquids (plural)
29 Empty; void
30 Carnelians
32 Part of a plow
33 Fruit of pines (plural)
34 Quench
35 Hawks
36 Turkish coins
37 Genus of rosaceous shrubs
38 Delayed
39 Aëriform fluid
40 Metal
42 An illusion
43 To change
45 By reason that
46 A daughter of Saul
48 Well balanced
49 Russian community
51 A fish
52 A sty
53 Rocky pinnacle
54 Measure of work
56 Note of the scale
58 An element (symbol)

Answer to last week's puzzle

CAMPBELL'S

Have You Some Troublesome Ailment?

Infra-Red Rays relieve congestion or troubles causing aches and pains in the body. The Campbell Infra-Red Ray Lamp concentrates a mild beam of Infra-Red Rays upon any part of the body.

These rays penetrate deeply into the tissues. As they penetrate they create an active circulation of the blood. Most ailments are due to congestion—relieve the congestion and you relieve the ailment. Nature herself does the healing by active, normal blood circulation.

Why Suffer Needless Pain?

If you or some friend have a troublesome ailment, a lamp like this is a blessing.

Relieve bronchial trouble, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Flu and many other ailments.

Tell Us Your Trouble
Get Our Book on Infra-Red Rays

Quotes leading authorities as well as users

Infra-Red Rays have brought wonderful results for others. Let us send you their letters. Write today for our book giving details.

THE WM. CAMPBELL CO. 1019 Union Ave Alliance, Ohio.

Don't Do This → use

LEONARD EAR OIL

An Ear Oil of great benefit in many cases of Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises. Simply Insert in Nostrils and Rub in gently back of Ears. Soothing and Penetrating. On the market since 1907, and many thousands have written of the relief obtained. Price $1.25 at drug stores. Folder about "Deafness" on request to A. O. LEONARD, INC., Suite 825, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

"I get such bad headaches"
"You won't—if you take—

These efficient tablets relieve pain harmlessly.

Salicon TRADE MARK

BURNS and SCALDS

Stop the throbbing and smarting at once with a soothing touch of

Resinol

Paris Makes a Sporting Proposition

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris.

PARIS makes us a sporting proposition in her *demi-saison* fashion shows. She begs us to accept her new fitted, long-skirted, high-waisted silhouette for our more formal clothes, and she entreats us to "lay off" it for our sports costumes. The sports mode is a distinct and separate fashion. To be smart this winter you must dress two women—the feminine, mysterious one and the practical outdoor creature.

True, the sports mode is a thing apart, not fashion's whole existence; but it is mighty thrilling all the same. Keep your skirts short for sports—only a few inches below the knees. Let your waistline soar, but not too high, and remember that fitted clothes are not fitting for sports. Look upon the plaited skirt with suspicion. There are gathered and flared skirts that are much smarter. Cast out the sweater if possible and adopt blouse, waistcoat, or knitted dress. Let your scarf be part of your ensemble in color and material. Beauty in sports clothes is the beauty of usefulness, so leave off all purely ornamental knickknacks.

Poiret's town substitute for sports wear. The coat, with its military air, is the last word in chic.

This smart ensemble from Marcel Rochas has a sleeveless jacket and one-piece dress of knitted tweed.

See to it that your sports clothes look casual—as if they just happened by some lucky accident. And another thing. Even for sports you should look like a lady. Masculinity is out.

Patterned woolens are the smartest materials for winter sports clothes, and they come in lovely colors. Small hats of woolen cloth or felt are the correct thing in sports millinery. Knitted materials, of which I have already told you, are growing in importance for practical clothes. We have the knitted tweeds and in addition knitted lace fabrics that are being used to make many a chic sports suit and dress. The Marcel Rochas ensemble shown in our second photograph is made of knitted tweed in a bright blue, black, and white mixture. This outfit has the one-piece dress that Paris likes so well, distinguished by clever circular cutting in the skirt. The belt is piped with black leather and buttoned with three glass buttons. There is a sleeveless jacket with an attached scarf. The skirt is exactly four inches below the knees.

Under a plaid woolen coat Champcommunal places a waistcoat and skirt of velveteen.

Schiaparelli designed this plaid and plain tweed sports ensemble for Comtesse Gaby de Robilant.

THE first picture shows the sports mode adapted for urban business and shopping. Poiret designed this ensemble, which has a longish coat in the very new and smart Cossack cut. It is made of green wool and trimmed with summer ermine. The belt of self-material gives a fitted line at the waist, and suggests the princesse silhouette without actually achieving this difficult coat line. There is a circular skirt of green wool and a white silk blouse.

The third photograph shows a Schiaparelli ensemble that Comtesse Gaby de Robilant is wearing. The collarless coat is made of a double-faced tweed which is plaid on the inside, and the plaid side of the tweed makes the cuffs of the flared sleeves. Notice the coat length—two inches longer than the dress. There is a skirt of the plaid material with one plait in front, and a blouse of gray tweed with a collar and bow tie of plaid.

The photograph at the extreme right shows a new winter sports outfit from Elspeth Champcommunal, combining beige and red wool for the coat with red velveteen for the suit. The loose coat has velveteen cuffs. The suit has a long velveteen waistcoat, without sleeves, and a velveteen skirt sparingly gathered on a yoke at the top. There is a very bloused waist of raw silk.

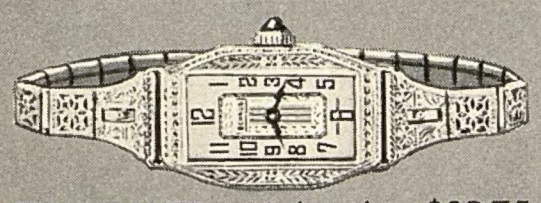
* * *

Sandalari has designed a new Palm Beach sandal of sand-colored kid and linen crash. She calls this shoe All God's Chillun.

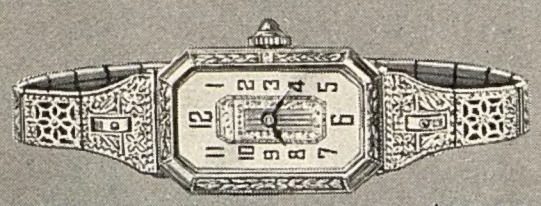
The smartest evening slippers this winter are wearing harness in silver, gold, or rhinestones.

BENRUS *Watches*

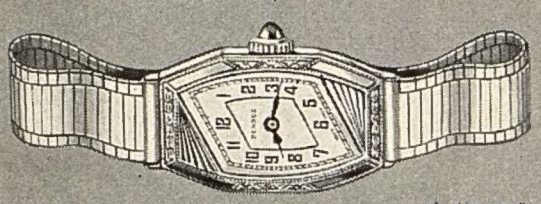
BLOSSOM . . 15 jewels . . $24.75



CHARMANTE . . 15 jewels . . $29.75



PATRICIA . . 15 jewels . . $35.00



ELAINE . . 15 jewels . . $42.50

BETSY ROSS, 15 jls., 4 sapphires, 2 diamonds, 14 kt. $55.00

BUY THE WATCH that times the Air Fleets of America!

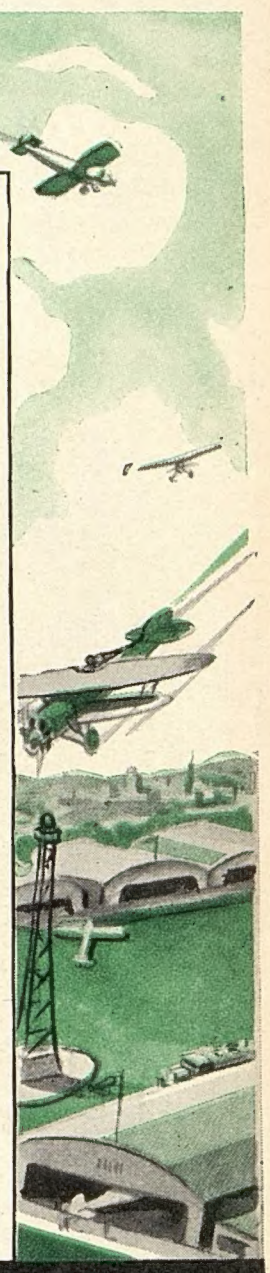
ONE timepiece — and one alone — has earned the confidence and *official adoption* of leading American airways — the Benrus Watch!

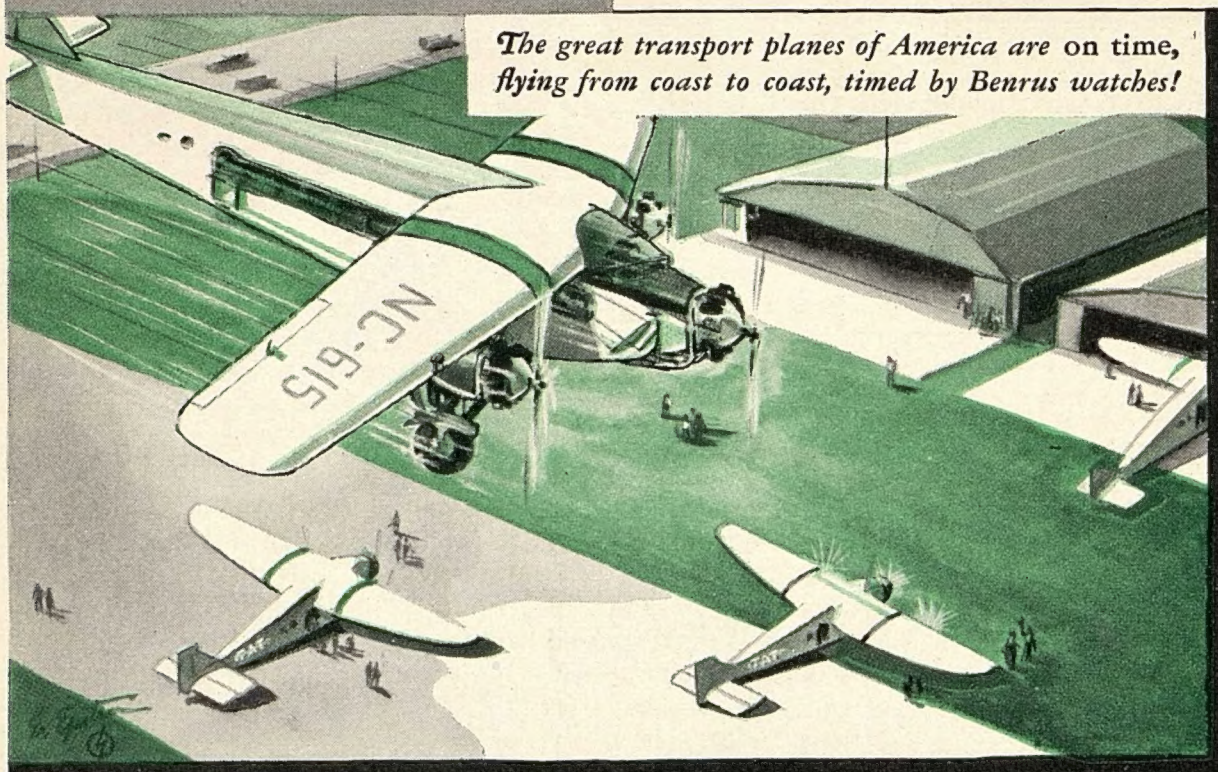
Why? Because Benrus is Shockproof — a patented, exclusive feature. Because every Benrus has the brilliant beauty, the clean-cut style, of a racing plane. And because every Benrus is — above all — an accurate, dependable timepiece, fit to time the squadrons of the sky!

And yet these amazingly fine watches are priced most moderately! You can buy a Benrus for $250, of course, but you can also buy a Benrus — a genuine Shockproof Benrus — for $25! At your jeweler's, note the wide selection of beautiful models particularly suitable for Christmas gifts, at extremely modest prices. Benrus Watch Co., New York.

Officially adopted and worn by all pilots of:

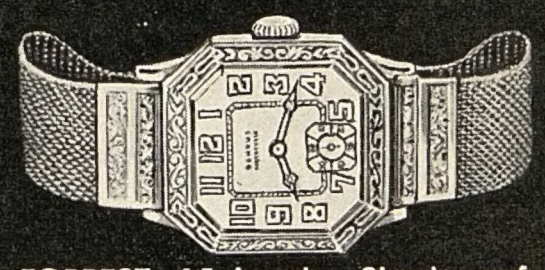
Transcontinental Air Transport — National Air Transport
Colonial Airways — Universal Airways



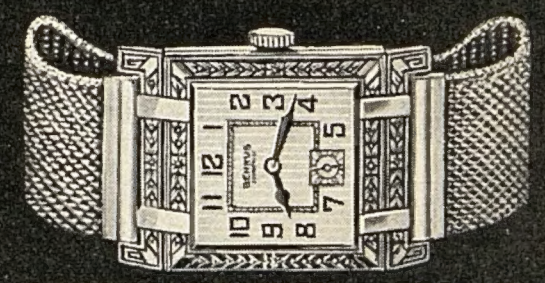


The great transport planes of America are on time, *flying from coast to coast, timed by Benrus watches!*

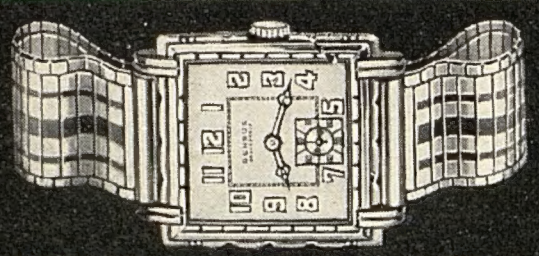
NEW YORKER, 15 jls. Shockproof. Flexible mesh band . . . $24.75



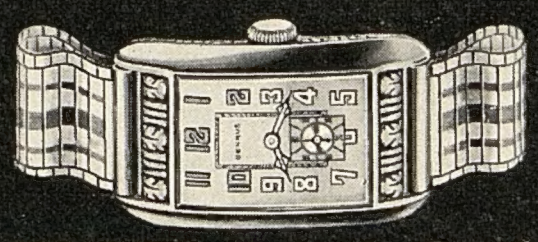
FORREST, 15 jewels. Shockproof. Flexible mesh band $29.75



WORLD'S CHAMPION . . 15 jewels. Shockproof. Mesh band . . $35.00



FLYER, 15 jewels. Shockproof. Worn by U. S. Mail pilots $37.50



BROADWAY, 15 jewels. Curved to wrist. Sport King band . $55.00

Don't wait for the alarming reminder of "Pink Tooth Brush"

Start with IPANA *now!*

IF your gums are tender . . . sensitive . . . easily inflamed . . . if your tooth brush occasionally shows a tell-tale tinge of "pink" . . . you can justly blame the food you eat every day of your life!

For nearly all modern food is too soft. We have deprived it of its fibre and its roughage. So our gums lack exercise. They get too little work. The blood circulates but slowly through their walls. The tissues become starved and anemic, the gums soft and flaccid.

Soon the delicate membrane starts to give way, and "pink tooth brush" warns that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, perhaps even pyorrhea may be on the way.

Ipana and massage will restore your gums to health!

But with Ipana Tooth Paste and a light massage you can counteract the damage done to your gums by your diet. Your dentist will readily explain why this massage is so good for your gums . . . how it stirs the flagging circulation and invigorates the dormant tissues. And he will show you how to perform it easily, quickly and efficiently as you clean your teeth with Ipana.

For Ipana's content of ziratol, a recognized antiseptic and hemostatic, has a stimulating action upon the gums which augments the mechanical effects of massage.

So don't wait for "pink tooth brush"—start now with Ipana. The coupon offers a 10-day sample which will quickly prove how gleaming white Ipana leaves your teeth—how refreshed it leaves your mouth.

But the better way is to start at once with a full-size tube from the drug store. For that lasts over a month and makes a fairer test of Ipana's power to tone your gums.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-129
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

★ IPANA Tooth Paste ★